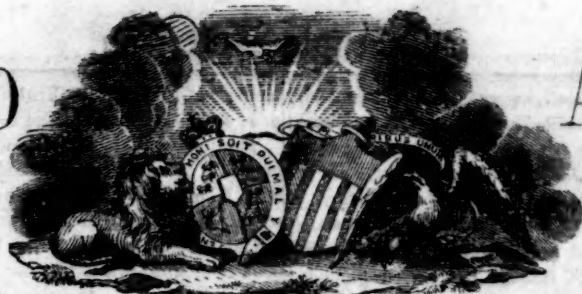


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MY LAST NIGHT'S DREAM.

Once more, oh God, that happy dream,
Of boyhood's years—so joyous—bright—
Once more it came, with vivid gleam,
Across my soul's dark spectral night.
Oh, then were all my sins forgiven
And all my cares, thus lull'd to rest,
While shadow'd seemed the joys of heaven,
As thou hung panting on my breast.

The past again unrolled its scroll,
Bestrewn with hopes—devoid of tears—
And o'er my heart in rapture stole,
The joy—the bliss—of bygone years—
Again I roved 'mong childhood's bowers
With thy soft hand entwined in mine,
And laughing culled the nodding flowers,
To win a kiss—and call them thine.

Again I saw, the old play ground
Where oft we've romped in heartfelt glee,
While happy faces circled round
The giant trunk of th' old elm tree.
And there upon the village green,
I saw thy throne of forest flowers,
How sweetly smiled our May day Queen,
How fleeting passed the rosy hours.

With thee—I sat beside the brook,
Which babbled through the rustling grove,
And from thine eyes in silence, took
A glance at heaven, the heaven of Love,
And sailing down the rippling tide,
Our mimic barks again I saw,
Thine—safe into its haven glide,
Mine—stranded on the pebbled shore.

Thy jocund laugh, the childish tear,
That trembling left thy bright blue eye,
Thy pouting lip—the doubt—the fear,
That made thee sad—thou knewest not why—
Again were mine. But ah more dear,
Than all beside, thy tell-tale sigh,
Which more than looks, than words, confessed,
My image shrined within thy breast.

And oh, once more I knelt in prayer,
At eve, beside thy Father's knee,
And heard thy lisping accents there,
God's blessing ask—on all—on me—
Yes there I saw thy angel smile,
Shed o'er thy face, its light of love,
Thy heart's pure wishes fanned the while,
By cherub wings to heaven above.

Again I dream'd the rosy dawn
Broke on that blest, that happy day,
Thy playmates tripped across the lawn,
To see thee give thy hand away,
While I thy chosen lover boy,
Twining the pure pale orange wreath
Around thy brow, I watched with joy
Thy smiles drink up the tears beneath.

Then as thou placed thy hand in mine
And whispered "come, they're waiting love"
I led thee to that holy shrine,
A mother's knee.—And heaven above,
Approving heard the silent prayer,
Scarce breathed by those who wept apart,
While blessings poured upon us there,
From that deep well—a mother's heart.

Again I saw thy father's kiss
Cling to thy lips, thy cheek, thine eyes,
While thy fond breast o'erflow'd with bliss,
The bliss which crowns life's memories:
Again we knelt, our vows were spoken,
I took thy hand, as cold as stone,
And on thy finger placed love's token,
Then clasped thee to my breast—my own.

At last—I knelt beside thy bed,
And caught thy faint expiring breath,
And saw an angel there, that led
Thee safely through the realms of Death:
I watched them place thee 'neath the sod,
Cold clay was heaped upon thy form,
I could not kneel and kiss the rod,
The sunlight of my life was gone.

These were the dreams that blest my couch,
That fleeting swept across my soul;
These are the shapes by mem'ry's touch
Awakened from the Past's dim scroll:
These mocking phantoms of my boyish years
Their shadows o'er the Future cast,
While silent fall my streaming tears
On Hope's cold grave—the Past, the Past.

Then laugh not at my simple lay,
Nor throw these lines unheeded by,
But let thy thoughts to childhood stray,
And pluck the flowers of memory.
If thou art happy, thankful be
For all that God has round thee strewn;
If thou art weary, sad, like me,
Still look to Him, for there's thy home.

Brooklyn, L. I.

MY RIDE TO GREENWOOD.

I had just recovered from the fatigues of a long journey in travelling to visit the Gotham of my birth—I had taken one of Cozzen's comfortable arm-chairs and my regalia, and sat myself down to enjoy the cool refreshing breeze which had just sprung up after a delightful thunder shower. The day had been one of the warmest of the season. The Park Fountain sent up its numerous jets of chrystal aqua, and the hand of the old City Hall clock pointed to the hour of five. Recollections of my early days flitted through my mind. I have been young and now am old. I have seen Gotham when no Fountains, no magnificent Astor, and no Omnibuses were to be found within the precincts. Heigho! things are now mightily changed, and the flaxen haired urchin of forty years since is now none other than the white haired bachelor at the door of Cozzen's.

Heigho!
"Driver!" said I to a hearty-looking sprig of the Emerald, as he patted his cabullo, and admired his little green Cab at the door of the American, "Driver what kind of rides have you now in these parts—where can you drive me to spend an hour or so, pleasantly this afternoon?"

"Is it me, Sir, you spake to; sure and I can take you to Nowlan's, to Striker's Bay, or to Burnham's."

"Ha! what said you, Burnham's! old B. still living! and yet in the old mansion at Bloomingdale I must see him. Many a time and oft, in days long since gone by, have I sipped his good mulled wine and toasted my frozen pies at his comfortable hickory fire. I can almost imagine myself now—bless me 'tis twenty years since—gaily wheeling my horse round the corner of the road, leading to the door of the old mansion, and laying aside the large "Buffalo" which served as a protection from the cutting frosts of the North, left our sleigh seat for one in the comfortable parlor of the attentive Burnham."

"Well, driver, where next—any other place of resort?"

"Sure, Sir, have you been to Greenwood Cemetery, a very gem of a place, Sir and all gentlemen Strangers visit there."

"Cemetery," thought I, "Greenwood,"—another new thing.—I recollect Old Trinity with its numerous monuments, Garden, Cedar Street, and other places of burial, but Greenwood and—"Driver! where's Greenwood?"

"But a short distance beyond the ferry, on Long Island,—a very pleasant ride, Sir."

"Drive up your Cab, and convey me to Greenwood, for there I spend the afternoon."

"Being provided with a necessary ticket of admission, which was obligingly furnished to me, at the office in Broadway, I took my seat, and crossing the South Ferry was soon wheeling over the beautiful road leading to the Cemetery,—the clouds had passed over—the sun shone richly and beautifully forth—the shower had agreeably cooled the atmosphere, and looking from the windows of my enclosure, I had a glorious view of the Bay and Harbour. Around me were the Merchant Palaces of South Brooklyn, and in every Avenue were seen the cab, the carriage, or the comfortable private coach. The occupants of all were enjoying the delightful sea-breeze, while many were on their way to the center of my own destination. Here and there a solitary horseman could be seen cantering through the shaded avenues, and just by me were a party of four, elegantly mounted on beautiful animals,—they had been for some time the object of my particular observation, and as they had now passed me I had a full view of the whole party. They were young, and as youth and beauty always attract the attention of a bachelor, I did not on this occasion suffer it to pass unnoticed. The countenance of one was familiar,—he had the air and carriage of a dweller in the South, as his general appearance indicated; his bronzed features and flowing hair determined my conclusion—he wore a thoughtful look and yet often did I witness a gleam of joy and happiness overspread his features at some expression or remark of the fair companion by his side. To her he appeared devoted, and every movement of her restive horse appeared to distress him

with alarm. She, however, retained her seat well, notwithstanding the rearing and plunging of the beast—he soon became pacified and starting off at a brisk pace the whole party were soon some distance in advance. I had taken some interest in their proceedings and directing my *Jehu* to drive on, we were not far behind them on passing the Porter's Lodge at the entrance of the Cemetery.

I had been driven for some time through the beautiful winding avenues of this lovely spot, when I was suddenly brought in full view of the *Sylean water*. I left my Cab, preferring a ramble on foot through the sacred grounds. The magnificent mausoleum on the right leading to the water had attracted my attention, and on returning to view it more carefully I perceived the name of a citizen, who, from his youth up, had obeyed the injunctions of scripture—he fed the hungry, and to him that thirsted gave he drink. This mausoleum alone is worth a visit to Greenwood. A few yards further on, and we see the Strangers' Vault dedicated to the different Hotels of the city. Still farther, and we come to the tomb of McDonald Clarke. I recollect him when a boy, and who that lived twenty-five years since can forget the spruce young Byron of Broadway! The recollection carries me back to my boyhood when, like poor Clarke, I indulged in such happy dreams of the future.

The Indian mound came next in view, the burial place, I am told, of a beautiful Indian girl recently deceased in the city,—away from the home of her fathers, she here rests till by the call of the Great Spirit she shall be raised from her slumbers.

Here I again met the group on horseback, who, upon my approach, walked their horses gently and solemnly off the spot. I saw now what before had escaped me, that the whole party, save one of the ladies, wore some emblem of mourning, in memory of some departed friends. The deep black riding dress and cap of the lady first referred to, displayed to the best advantage; her bright blue eyes and pure Saxon features, her auburn hair was parted gracefully over her forehead, while her rosy cheeks, made still brighter by the excitement of riding, and her intellectual brow, made her the object of my special attention, as the party rode off she was joined by the other gentleman of the company. He, unlike his companion, wore not the bronzed features of the South; save a slight flush produced by the restiveness of his horse, his features were of a pure whiteness; and his contracted brow and watchful eye indicated deep thoughtfulness and calculation. He had, probably, left his counting room to enjoy a short respite from the toils of commerce, and the fair one beside him appeared lending her aid to dispel his cares and anxieties.

But the other couple had now attracted me. My Southern friend had now joined a lady whose countenance, until now, I had but imperfectly seen; but winding rounding a path near, she now passed full before me. Her surpassing beauty dazzled me; her eyes glowed with an intellectual brilliancy, unusual in the tender sex—her high classic forehead—her dignified and courteous demeanor—her graceful bearing, and the sweet lovely tones of her voice, appeared all to be felt and acknowledged by her attendant. His character could not now be mistaken; his admirations and attentions were not equivocal. Yet he manifested but little signs of a lover; his attentions were more those of an elder brother or relative; her every movement was observed with a degree of care and solicitude not unworthy an anxious parent. Yet such he was not, for twenty-five summers he had barely counted, and his gentle companion must have reached her twentieth—so much intellectual expression could scarcely be found in one younger. Brother he was not, for his expression, "*Senorita mia, senga cuidado!*" as she approached too near some fancied danger, forbade the conclusion. Admirer, he undoubtedly was, and well was the object worthy of his homage. We again separated, and sometime after my *Jehu* brought me to the base of *Mount Washington*; here I found the riding party had dismounted and were each ascending the face of the Mount. My Southron had gained the summit and was thoughtfully gazing upon the vast extent of country around, and the mammoth city before him; when, presuming on my privilege as a stranger, I addressed him with the remark, "that I believed we were upon *Mount Washington*, and near the scene of the Battle of Long Island."

"True, Sir," he replied, "nearly in the very spot where, sixty-seven years since, the contending armies met—near 50,000 men. It was a bravely fought battle, and the loss to our then suffering country immense. Sullivan, Lord Stirling, and others of great value, were taken prisoners by the royal troops."

"I have, Sir, often been at a loss to determine which of the two great spirits of the day were deserving the greater praise—Washington for his masterly retreat, or Howe for his admirable generalship in planning and successfully making the attack."

"To the British commanders, on that occasion, great honour was certainly due from their King. To our own Washington, our country will ever be grateful for saving, under so many disadvantages, as he so admirably did, the remnant of a worn-out, dispirited army. See, Sir, the result! See the spires of the mammoth city before us; see, far as the eye can reach, on the right and the left, the abodes of liberty, happiness, and peace. See the forests of masts extending round our coast, and see the stars and stripes, the emblem of blood-bought liberty, so gracefully flowing from the mast-head of our own Carolina! But, Sir, excuse me, my party awaits, and I must join them."

Our patriot bowed, and resuming his seat in the saddle, the whole party were shortly again out of sight.

Indulging for a few moments in gazing on the beautiful prospect before me, and dwelling on the recreations of bygone days—my early childhood—the fire-side stories of the battles of the Revolution, and the remembrance of the great and gallant spirits therein engaged—I almost imagined that I beheld before me the last remnant of the Continental troops, as, under guidance of their immortal commander, they had, on the morning of the 29th August, 1776, removed beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, and were now safely landed on the

of New York. Directing my view to a point nearer to where I stood,

methought I beheld the British outposts as they saw, with inexpressible surprise and disappointment, the escape of the American army.

The indefatigable Howe saw his error in delaying the attack the previous night. The troops were now suddenly put in motion, preparatory to the descent upon Kipp's Bay. The ships in the harbour weighed anchor, and ere long one of the wings of the invading army rested on Kipp's Bay, the other on Bloomingdale; both protected by the guns of the British fleet. How the Father of his country escaped this formidable movement, and how he lived to shed a lustre of brilliant light upon generations yet to come, is familiar to all who breathe the air of Columbia, and as deeply impressed upon the hearts of my countrymen as the recollection of that maternal voice which, in the days of infancy, soothed and guided us.

But to return to our party. My driver had resumed his seat, and proceeding slowly through the quiet and solemn paths of Greenwood, we repassed the Porter's Lodge. The low deep-toned notes of the Cemetery bell announced the approach of a funeral procession. The vehicle for the dead, and some twenty carriages, passed into the sacred precincts; the gate closed heavily, and the bell continued its mournful toll. My *Jehu* had whipped his animal, and was driving fast on our return to the city, when my attention was attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs behind us. On looking from a window of the cab, I perceived that the horse, bearing one of the young ladies of the party referred to, passed, at the very height of his speed. The animal had taken fright at the tolling of the bell, and was now in a state perfectly unmanageable. With much dignity and grace did the lady maintain her seat; yet too evident was it that her strength was not sufficient to restrain the animal she so bravely attempted to govern. Her attendant had now reached her side; she had succeeded in checking the speed of the horse, but his rearing and plunging defied the gentleman's efforts to seize the reins. He was in deep solicitude and alarm for the lady's safety; yet no means could be devised to relieve her; to keep her seat much longer was impossible, the continued plunging of the animal would have exhausted a veteran horseman; at last he took one fearful bound, and when high in air his head was elevated, his rider unfortunately tightened the curb, and horse and rider fell backward to the earth! I hastened from my seat to tender my professional assistance; the fair one was in the arms of her attendant—the colour had departed from her cheek, and her whole appearance indicated that the accident was of an alarming character. Having satisfied myself that no limbs were injured, and having drawn some of the bright crimson fluid from her delicately formed arm, she opened her eyes graciously upon the congregated party, and signified her acceptance of my offer to be conveyed home in my cab.

The arrangements being completed we drove slowly for half an hour, when we reached a beautiful mansion in Eornom Place. The doors were opened at our approach, and in a few moments we were all in the drawing-room of the father of the fair one. Truly did they manifest the estimation in which they held their lovely daughter; great indeed was their distress until satisfied that no real injury had befallen her, and that in a very short time she would be entirely recovered from what would prove to be but a very trifling accident.

Perceiving that there was no farther occasion for my services, and aware that my cabman was in attendance, I was on the point of departing from this now happy group, when—

"You will not leave us thus; we are all too much indebted to your kindness to be thus suddenly deprived of so opportune a friend," said our patriot, addressing me with a degree of great earnestness.

"I regret, Sir, extremely to part with so interesting a party of young friends, and feel sensibly the honour you do me in so highly valuing my services. I was particularly attracted by your happy party, and since no injury has resulted I am gratified that the little incident just past has offered me the opportunity of making the acquaintance of you all. I say make your acquaintance, but I can scarcely deem it such; I am now but a stranger in my old home, and in a very short time expect to leave it forever."

"You will not, Sir, we trust, leave us without first affording an opportunity of manifesting our gratitude to—"

"Dr. Carlington, if I be the humble individual to whom you refer," said I, addressing the speaker, the lady of the mansion; "but let me assure you, madam, that the pleasure I have already experienced from having had it in my power to render this trifling assistance, is more than sufficient compensation. I shall ever feel happy at the recollection; and now I wish you all —"

"Dr. Carlington,"—said the patriot youth, as I was about to take my leave of the party; "that name is too familiar to my ears to admit of this hasty separation. Too well do I recollect the dying words of that aged parent to whose last resting place you this day found me on a visit—too well do I recollect his oft-repeated expressions of gratitude to the only man who, when a stranger and unknown, took him by the hand and, cheering his drooping spirits, comforted and assisted him in the darkest hours of his adversity; need I say to all here that that individual was Dr. Carlington, and that he before you is none other than José Maria, the last remnant of the family of Juan Varelda."

It required but a moment's reflection to bring before my mind, in the most vivid colours, the recollection of all connected with *Senor Varelda*, who, with an estimable wife and three lovely children, arrived on our shores, exiles from their native land. Don Juan, with several others arriving with him, were members of the celebrated Spanish Cortes, at the dismemberment of which they found it necessary to seek a home in a foreign country.

After listening to José's recital of the many trials and hardships encountered by his parents, and how they all, save himself, followed each other to the grave; he stated that some years since he had removed to one of the Parishes of Louisiana, had studied the legal profession, and was now practising in connexion with a gentleman of high standing in the councils of his adopted State

That he was now on a visit to the north in company with his partner's family; the young lady in black was his friend's daughter, Genevieve, and her attendant, as I had surmised, a merchant of Gotham, James Konraw, Esq., junior partner in the old and very respectable house of Eladson & Co. He had laid aside his *auction catalogue*, closed his ledger for the day, and joined the Greenwood Riding Party.

During the conversation from which I had gathered the foregoing, my friend and myself had strolled into the adjoining apartment and were now about returning, when I reminded him that he had not yet said aught of the lady who had so narrowly escaped a serious injury. José would have avoided a reply, but with affected composure he informed me that the lady in question was Miss Edith J. M., the eldest daughter of our worthy host, and that notwithstanding his partiality for the daughters of his adopted State, he had this day found in the society of Edith more real happiness than he had for months experienced. Her loveliness, moral beauty, and high intellectual powers, had so chained him to her side, that with her, amid the natural beauties of Greenwood, he had well nigh forgotten the stately Louisianian amid the orange groves of the lovely South.

We had now rejoined the family, and little Mariette running to José, said he and Dr. C. must remain until morning, when sister Edith and all the party would make a trip to Bath. This we were compelled to decline, and my commercial friend, assisting Genevieve to her saddle, departed. Taking a hearty farewell of all around me, I took José under my protection, and entering the vehicle of my *Emerald* we were soon at the door of my *Posada*.

Reader! if you had, late that lovely night, passed down Broadway you could not but have seen, at the door of one of the principal hotels, two individuals, each occupying one of those stately arm-chairs so considerably provided by the worthy host. They were in close and apparent interesting conversation, and if you had approached nearer you might have heard the elder of the two exclaim—

"I tell you, José, *commence suit instant!* transplant this flower to the orange groves of your lovely State; it will bloom and flourish there, and not decay, as your fears would intimate."

What reply José made to this advice of his friend, I am not at liberty here to record. We parted, and not many weeks after, while snugly ensconced in a distant corner of the Promenade dock of one of those steamer palaces now navigating Long Island Sound, thoughtfully contemplating the great changes that had occurred since I had last been there a visitor, my attention was attracted by a couple at some distance from me; they were gazing intently upon the opposite shore, and apparently engaged in pleasing conversation. I looked more closely and recognised in one of the individuals my young friend José Veralda, and gently leaning on his arm, with an air of confident support and protection, was the form of the lovely Edith! Whether the object they were viewing was that of Mount Washington, or whether they were expatiating on the beauties of Greenwood, and its connection with their early acquaintance, I must leave the reader to determine. The steamer's bell rung, and my walking-stick and little carpet-bag—with their appendage the *Doctor*—was landed at the village of

SOLTERITO.

New York, July, 1843.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART III.—[Continued.]

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

The meeting was a singular and a melancholy one. The news from France had become hourly more fearful. Every packet brought accounts of new outrages. Paris was already in the power of the populace. The struggle continued, however hopelessly, in the provinces, just enough to swell the losses of noble life, and the conflagrations of noble property. To these wounds of feeling had now to be added sufferings of a still more pressing nature; their remittances had begun to fail. The property which they had left in the hands of their Parisian bankers had either become valueless by the issue of assignats, which no one would take, or confiscated in the general plunder of the banks, whose principals had been thrown into prison, on suspicion of being worth robbing. All was bankruptcy.

The duchess made a slight attempt, evidently a painful one, to explain to us, as strangers, the purpose of their unusual meeting. It was simply, that "the emigrant noblesse, who had already experienced so much hospitality from their English friends, thought that the time was come when they ought to be burdens on them no longer. 'The letters from France are dreadful,' said she, 'and it will be our duty to show, that as we have enjoyed prosperity, we can submit to suffering. We must prepare to earn our bread by those accomplishments which we acquired in happier times, and, as we once supposed, for happier times.'"

A general sigh seemed to break from every heart, and Mariamne hung on the hand of the duchess, and grew pale. There was a silence for a while; at length she resumed—"We must not return to our own country, at least until this horrid struggle is at an end; for we should only embarrass those who have sent us to the protection of this generous land, and for whose sake we live. Yet, we only do honour to them by avoiding to eat the bread of dependence, while we can labour for ourselves." Those words, few as they were, were uttered with many a pause, and in the low tone of a true mourner. She then called a beautiful girl towards her. The girl rose, hesitated, and sank again. "Clotilde, my love, here are none but friends; we must forget every thing but patience and our country." As she spoke, the duchess took her contribution from her hand; it was a drawing of some size, and of singular elegance—an Arcadian festival. It was sent round the room with universal admiration; and the ice thus once broken, a succession of proficients followed, bringing the produce of their talents; some, miniatures—some, sketches of French and Swiss

scenery—some, illustrations of Racine and the French theatre; and, of course, many with embroidery, and the graceful works of the needle. Strangers are too apt to conceive that Paris is France and that the frivolity of life in the capital was always its model in the provinces. I here saw evidence to the contrary, and was not a little surprised to see performances so seldom to be found among the French arts, as admirable oil paintings, carvings in ivory, marble busts, and bas-reliefs, casts of antique vases and groups, and even models of the chief temples and palaces of antiquity. The leisure of the chateau was often vividly, and even vigorously employed; and while the youths of the great families were solely directed to military prospects, the females often acquired solid and grave accomplishments. In short, we had among us as many artificers, not a few of them delicate and lovely, as could have furnished a Tower of Babel, if not built it; but *our* fabric would have had one exception, it would have had no "confusion of tongues;" for tongues there were none to be heard among us—all was silence, but when some work of striking beauty, and this was not unfrequently the case, was handed round with a murmur of applause.

The harp and piano were then brought forward; and this was the most trying part of all—not from any want of skill in the performers, for the majority were perfect on both instruments, but from the nature of the performances themselves. France is not renowned for native music, but neither Italian genius, nor German science, has produced more exquisite little snatches of melody than are to be found in some of the nooks and corners of the provinces. Paris is, like other capitals, an epitome of the world; but Languedoc, the wild country of Auvergne, the Vosges mountains, the hidden and quiet vales of Normandy, and even the melancholy sands of the Breton, have airs of singular and characteristic sweetness. Gretry and Rousseau were but their copyists. Sorrow, solitude, and love, are every where, and their inspiration is worth all the orchestras in the globe.

Those simple airs were more congenial to the depressed spirits of the whole assemblage than the most showy bravuras; and, sung by those handsome creatures—for beauty adds a charm to every thing—retained me spell-bound. But, on the performers, and their circle of hearers, the effect was indescribable. All the world knows, that there is nothing which revives memories like music. Those were the airs which they had heard and sung from their infancy; the airs of their early companionships, hopes, and perhaps loves; sung in their gardens, their palaces, at their parents' knees, by the cradles of their children, at their firesides, every where combining with the heart. Sung now in their exile, they brought back to each heart some recollection of the happiest scenes and fondest ties of its existence. No power of poetry, nor even of the pencil, could have brought the past so deeply, so touchingly, with such living sensibility, before them. There, at least, was no acting, no display, no feigned feeling—their country, their friends, the perils of husband and brother in the field, the anguish, almost the agony, of woman's affection—and what can equal that affection?—was in the gestures and countenances of all before me. Some wept silently and abundantly; some buried their faces on their knees, and by the heaving of their bosoms alone, showed how they felt; some sat with their large eyes fixed on heaven, and their lips moving as in silent prayer; some almost knelt, with hands clasped and eyes bent down, in palpable supplication. Stranger as I was to them and theirs, it was painful even to me. I felt myself doubly an intruder, and was thinking how I might best glide away, when I saw Mariamne, in an attempt like my own, to move, suddenly fall at the feet of the duchess. She had fainted. I carried her into the open air, where she soon recovered. "Do you wish to return, Mariamne?" said I. She looked at me with amazement. "Return! It would kill me. Let us go home." I placed her on her horse, and we moved quietly and sadly away.

"That was a strange scene," said I, after a long interval of silence.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"I am afraid it distressed you," I observed.

"I would not have seen it for any consideration, if I could have known what it was," she answered with a new gush of tears. "Yet what must my feelings be to theirs? They lose every thing."

"But they bear the loss nobly. Still they have not lost all, when they can excite such sympathy in the mind of England. They have found at least an asylum; but what was the object of this singular meeting?"

"Oh, who can tell what they are dreaming of in their distraction?" she said with a deep sigh. "It was probably to turn their talents to some account; to send their works to London, and live by them—poor things, how little they know of London!—or, perhaps, to try their chance as teachers, and break their hearts in the trial. Revolutions are terrible things!" We lapsed into silence again.

"I pity most the more advanced in life," I resumed. "They have been so long accustomed to all the splendours of Paris, that living here must be felt with incurable humiliation. The young are more elastic, and bear misfortune by the mere spirit of youth; and the lovely find friends every where. Did you observe the noble air, the almost heroine look, of that incomparable girl who first showed her drawing?" Mariamne shot a quick glance at me.

"You have quite forgotten her name, I suppose?" said she, with a scrutinizing look.

"Not wholly. I think the duchess called her Clotilde."

"I shall set you at ease, sir, upon that point," said she smartly. "But of one thing I can assure you, and it is, that she is engaged to be married to her second cousin, the Marquis de Montecour. So, you see, it is scarcely worth your while to enquire any thing more of her name, as she is about to change it so soon—but it is De Tourville, a descendant of the renowned admiral, who lost a renowned French fleet a hundred years ago, an event not unusual in French history. You observe, Mr. Marston, I give you most willingly all the information in my power."

I have never presumed to have a master key to female hearts; but there was something half contemptuous, half piqued, in my fair companion's tone, and a rapid interchange of red and pale in her cheeks, which set me musing. She touched her horse with her fairy whip, and cantered a few paces before me. I followed, as became a faithful squire. She suddenly reined up, and said, in the voice of one determined that I should feel the full point of the sting—"Oh, I had forgot. I beg a thousand pardons. Yesterday the Marquis arrived in London. His proposal reached Madame la Comtesse this morning, the young lady's mother—your heroine, I think you called her. The *trousseau* will probably be sent down from London in a week, unless she shall go to town to choose it, which is the more likely event, as among French ladies the *trousseau* is generally a more important matter than the gentleman; and then, I presume, you will be relieved from all anxiety upon the subject."

I was all astonishment. The language would have been an impertinence in any one else; yet, in the pretty and piquant Mariamne, it was simply coquetish. At any other time or place I might have felt offended; but I was now embarrassed, wordless, and plunged in problems. Why should I be concerned in this news? What was the opinion of this butterfly to me! yet its sarcasm

stung me: what was Clotilde to me? yet I involuntarily wished the Marquis de Montrecoeur at the bottom of the Channel; or what knew I of French tastes, or cared about trousseaux? yet, at that moment, I peevishly determined to take no more rambles in the direction of the Emigrant cottages, and to return to town at once, and see what sort of absurdity a French marriage present looked at my first step in Bond Street.

But this was destined to be a day of adventures. I had led her a circuit through the Downs, in the hope of reviving her by the fresh air before we reached the villa; and we were moving slowly along over the velvet turf, and enjoying that most animating of all the breaths of sky or earth—the sea-breeze; when Mariamne's steed—one of the most highly *maniged*, and most beautiful of animals, began to show signs of restlessness, pricked up his ears, stopped suddenly, and began to snuff the gale with an inflated nostril. As if the animal had communicated its opinions to its fellow, both our horses set off at a smart trot, the trot became a canter, the canter a gallop. Mariamne was a capital horsewoman, and the exercise put her in spirits again. After a quarter of an hour of this volunteer gallop, from the top of one of the Downs we saw the cause—the Sussex hunt, ranging the valley at our feet. Our horses were now irrestrainable, and both rushed down the hill together. The peril of such a descent instantly caught all eyes. A broad and high fence surrounded the foot of the hill, and, wildly as we flew down, I saw that the whole hunt had stopped in evident alarm. In another moment we had reached the fence. Mariamne's horse, making a desperate spring, flew over it. Mine failed, and threw me into the middle of the hedge. I was stunned, the sight left my eyes; and, when I opened them again, a man of peculiarly striking countenance, and stately figure, was raising me from the ground, while an attendant was pouring brandy down my throat. My first thought was of my unfortunate companion. "Where is the lady? Is she safe? What has become of her?" were my first exclamations. "Are you much hurt," enquired the stranger. "No, no," I cried; "where is the lady?" "I hope by this time safe," said he; "some gentlemen of the party have followed her: her horse has run away with her; but they will doubtless overtake her in a few minutes." He ascended a small rising ground close to us, and stood gazing in the distance. "No, they are following her still. She keeps her seat. They are now taking a short cut to intercept her. They are close up.—No, that mad animal of a horse has thrown them all out again, he springs over every thing; yet she still holds on. What a capital horsewoman!" While he uttered those broken exclamations I rolled on the ground in torture. At length, after a pause, I heard him say, in a shuddering voice, "All's over! that way leads direct to the cliff."

At the words, though dizzy with pain, and scarcely able to see, I seized the bridle of the groom's horse, who had alighted to assist me; without a word sprang on his back, and dashing in the spur was gone like an arrow. The whole group soon followed.

From the first rising ground, I saw the frightful chase continued. Mariamne's hat had fallen off, and her hair and habit were flying in the wind. She was bending to the neck of her steed, whom the pursuit of the hunt, and the sight of their red coats, had evidently frightened. He was darting, rather than galloping along, by wild bounds, evidently growing feeble, but still distancing his pursuers. Half dead with pain and terror, I could scarcely hold the bridle, and was soon overtaken by the stranger. "Sir," said he, "you are exhausted, and will never be able to overtake the unfortunate lady in that direction. I know the country—follow me." Unable to answer, I followed; with my ears ringing with a thousand sounds, and my thoughts all confusion—I was awake from this half stupor by a tremendous outcry.

On the brow of the hill before me, were the dozen jaded riders, forced to draw rein by the steepness of the declivity, and all pointing with vehement gestures below. In the next instant, through the ravine at its foot, and within a hundred yards of the cliff, came Mariamne, still clinging to the horse, and flying like the wind. The look which she cast upon me, as she shot by, haunted me for years after, whenever an image of terror rose in my dreams. Her eyes were starting from their sockets, her lips gasping wide, her visage ghastliness itself. Another moment, and all must be over; for at the end of the valley was the cliff, a hundred and fifty feet high. I rushed after her. The sight of the sea had struck her at once. She uttered a scream, and fell with her forehead on the horse's neck. Even that movement probably checked him, for he reared, and before his feet touched the ground again I was close to him; with a frantic effort I caught his bridle, and swept his head round. Mariamne fell, voiceless, sightless, and breathless, into my arms. The spot where she was saved was within a single bound of the precipice.

The hunters now came round us, and all was congratulation. Our escape was pronounced to be "miraculous;" I was complimented on all kinds of heroism; and the stranger, evidently the chief personage of the circle, after giving the glance of a connoisseur at poor Mariamne's still pallid, yet expressive, countenance, thanked me, "for having allowed him to breathe at last, which he had not done, he believed, for some minutes, through terror." Nothing could exceed the graceful interest which he expressed in my companion's safety. His grooms were sent to look for assistance in all quarters, and it was not until a carriage had arrived from the next village, and he had seen Mariamne placed in it, that he could be persuaded to take his leave. Even in after life, when I saw him in the midst of the splendour of the world, himself its ruling star, and heard him so often quoted as

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,"

I thought that he never deserved the title more than when I saw him perform the duties of simple good-nature to two unknown individuals on a wild heath on the Sussex shore. That stranger was the Prince of Wales!

This adventure, by all the laws of romance, should have made me fall in love with Mariamne, or Mariamne fall in love with me. But reality has laws of a different kind, and the good fortune of being just in time to save a lady's life, whether on horseback or on foot, whether in lake or river, whatever it might be in any other ages, is not necessarily a pledge of eternal constancy in our times. That she was grateful, I fully believe, for her nature was innocent and kind; but confession was out of the question, for neither during our rapid drive home, nor for some days after, was she capable of uttering one word. Alarm had reduced her to a state of exhaustion next to death. Her slight frame had been so shaken that she was as helpless as a child; and almost the only sign of consciousness which she gave, was her shrinking from the sight of the sea whenever she was led towards the window, and her hiding her head in her shawl at every sound of the surge.

It may be true, that if the choice depended on her father I should have been the possessor of her fair hand, and the heir to his half million: and equally true, that the event might have saved me a million of troubles. Even at this hour, I sometimes cannot help thinking how total a change must have been given to my anxious career—how many desperate struggles I should have escaped, if I had thus found my path covered, like an eastern potentate's, with cloth of gold! From my first step, how many privations, nay pangs, would have been

utterly unknown to me in climbing up the steep of life, if I had been lifted on the broad and easy pinions of opulence; how little I should have suffered from that reptilism which lurks in every thicket of public life, and every where with a sting; if I had gone through existence, like another Rasselas in his valley of imperishable summer, guarded from all the inclemencies of fortune, and surrounded with all the enjoyments of man!

And yet, who can tell that the very ease of such a destiny might not have wearied my heart, enervated my mind, and rendered me at once burdensome to myself and useless to the world? Is it not hunger that gives the true zest to the banquet, however exquisite, and labour that gives the true charm to the couch, however embroidered? Is not the noblest enjoyment of the noblest mind to be found in the consciousness that we have done something in our generation; that we have contributed a stone to the pyramid of the national renown, that our lips have swelled the echoes of imperial glory? What can reconcile the man of powerful intellect to the consciousness that he has passed through life a cipher, and left nothing behind him but a tomb?

I had now to undergo the temper of Mordecai. The sight of a post-chaise flying along the shore, with one of the royal grooms as outrider, had brought him and all the inmates of the villa to the door. From our furious haste it was evident to them all that some extraordinary circumstance had caused the long delay of their young mistress. From the entrance of the avenue I saw Mordecai standing, straight and silent as one of the pillars of his gate, with his arms folded, and his eye lowering under his huge brow, like one prepared for calamity. But when the carriage drove up to the door, and I raised his helpless and ashy-coloured daughter in my arms, he gazed for an instant on her, and with a howl like that of a wild animal pierced by bullet or steel, fell on his face on the ground. He evidently thought that she was dead.

Even when she opened her feeble eyelids, smiled, and took his hand, he could scarcely be persuaded that she was still alive. He raved, he tore his hair, he vowed deathless vengeance, and the vengeance of all his race, against the murderer of his child, "his beloved, the child of his soul, the last scion of his name, his angel Mariamne." Rage and tears followed each other in all the tempest of oriental fury. No explanation of mine would be listened to for a moment, and I at length gave up the attempt. The grooms had given the outline of the story; and Mordecai charged me with all kinds of rashness and folly. At one time rushing forward to the couch where she lay, faintly attempting to soothe him, he would fling himself on his knees beside her, kiss her forehead, and upbraid himself for all his fancied harshness to her in the course of his life. Then suddenly starting on his feet, with the spring of a tiger, he would bound towards me, his powerful features distended with rage, his deep eye flashing, and his bony hand clenched as if it grasped a dagger, cursing the hour "when I had first set my foot under his unhappy roof," or cast my "evil eye upon the only child of the undone Mordecai." Ever in all the scene, the thought struck me, of what would be the effect of a hundred thousand such men, sweeping with scymetar and lance over the fields of Palestine! The servants fled in terror, or lurked in different directions until the storm should be gone down. At length Mariamne, dreading an actual collision between us, rose with an effort, tottered across the room, and threw her arms round her father's neck. The old man was conquered at once; his countenance grew calm; he sat down upon the floor, and with his daughter hiding her face in his bosom, wept silently and long. When I saw him thus quieted, I left them together, and retired to my chamber, determined to leave the discovery of his error to his returning judgment; and reinforced in my intention to depart for London even at the earliest dawn.

I employed myself for a while in packing up my few equipments for the journey; but this was soon done, and the question was, how to get rid of the remainder of the evening. I was resolved to meet Mordecai no more; and the servant who announced that dinner was ready, was sent back with an answer, that a violent headach prevented my leaving my room. The headach was true; and I had a reluctance equally true to see the "human face divine" for that evening at least. There was one exception to that reluctance, for thoughts had begun to awake in me, from which I shrank with something little short of terror. There was one "human face divine" which I would have made a pilgrimage round the world to see—but it was not under the roof of Mordecai. It was in one of the little cottages on which I was then looking from my window, and yet which seemed placed by circumstances at an immeasurable distance from me. It was the countenance of a stranger—one with whom I had never exchanged a word, who was probably ignorant of my existence, whom I might never see again, and yet whom I had felt to be my fate. Such are the fantasies, the caprices of that most fantastic of things—the unfledged mind. But I have not taken up my pen to write either the triflings or the tenderesses of the heart. I leave to others the *beau idéal* of life. Mine has been the practical, and it has been stern and struggling. I have often been astonished at the softness in which other minds seem to have passed their day; the ripened pasture and clustering vineyards—the mental Arcadia—in which they describe themselves as having loitered from year to year. Can I have faith in this perpetual Claude Lorraine pencil—this undying verdure of the soil—this gold and purple suffusion of the sky—those pomps of the palace and the temple, with their pageants and nymphs, giving life to the landscape, while mine was a continual encounter with difficulty—a continual summons to self-control? My march was like that of the climber up the side of Etna, every step through ruins, the vestiges of former conflagration—the ground I trode, rocks that once had been flame—every advance a new trial of my feelings or my fortitude—every stage of the ascent leading me, like the traveller, into a higher region of sand or ashes, until, at the highest, I stood in a circle of eternal frost, and with all the rich and human landscape below fading away in distance, or covered with clouds, looked down only on a gulf of fire.

As I sat at my window, gazing vaguely on the sea, then unruffled by a breath, and realizing all the images of evening serenity, a flight of curlews shot screaming by, and awoke me from my reverie. I took my gun, and followed them along the shore. My sportsmanship was never of the most zealous order, and my success on this occasion did not add much to the mortality of the curlews. But the fresh air revived me, I felt my elasticity of foot and frame return, and I followed for some miles along the windings of the shore. At last I had reached the pool where they, probably more aware of the weather than I was, seemed intending to take up their quarters for the night. I took my ground, and was preparing to attack them with both barrels; when a gust that swept with sudden violence between the hills nearly blew me down, and scattered all my prey screaming and startled, on the wing far into the interior. I had now leisure to look to myself. The sea was rolling in huge billows to the shore. The sun had sunk as suddenly as if it had been drowned. The hills were visible but for a moment, gleamed ghastly in the last light, and were then covered with mist. One of those storms common in Autumn, and which brings all the violence of winter into the midst of the loveliest season of the year, had come on, and I was now to find shelter where I could in the wilderness.

I was vigorous and hardy, but my situation began to be sufficiently embarrassing; for I was at least half-a-dozen miles from home; and the fog, which wrapped every thing, soon rendered the whole face of the country one clond. To move a single step now was hazardous. I could judge even of my nearness to the ocean only by its roar. The rain soon added to my perplexities, for it began to descend less in showers than in sheets. I tried the shelter of the solitary thicket in these wilds, but was quickly driven from my position. I next tried the hollow of a sand-hill, but there again I was beaten by the enemy; and before I had screened myself from the gust a quarter of an hour, a low rumbling sound, and the fall of pieces of the hill above, awoke me to the chance of being buried alive. I now disclaimed all shelter, and painfully gained the open country, with no other guide than my ear, which told me that I was leaving the sea further and further behind, but hearing the rush of many a rivulet turned into a river before me, and in no slight peril of finishing my history in the bed of some pool, or being swept on the surface of some overcharged ditch, to find my bed in the sea after all.

All vexations seem trifling when they are once over; but, for full two hours of this pelted pilgrimage, I felt sensations which might have cured me of solitary sporting for the rest of my existence.

At the end of those hours, which appeared to me ten times the length, I heard the barking of a dog, the usual announcement of peasant life; and rejoicing in it, as one of the most welcome of all possible sounds, I worked, felt, and waded, my way to the door of a building, at which, without ceremony, I asked for entrance. My application was for some time unanswered; but I heard a rustling within which made me repeat my request in various ways. After trying my eloquence in vain, I offered a guinea for a bed. A window was now opened above, and showed a pair of heads, which in their night-gear strongly reminded me of the grandmother wolf in Little Red Riding-hood—myself, of course, being the innocent victim. I now doubled my offer, my whole purse amounting to no more; and was let in.

My hosts were two, an old woman, hideous with age and ferocity of feature, but the other a young one, with a handsome but bold countenance, whose bronze had been borrowed as much from free living as from the sea breeze. The house was furnished in the parti-coloured style, which showed me at once that it belonged to something above the peasant. The women at first were rather reluctant to enter into any conversation; but when, to make my reception welcome, I paid the two guineas down on the table, their hearts became thawed at once, and their tongues flowed. My wet clothes were exchanged for the fisherman's wardrobe, and a tolerable supper was put on the table. Some luxuries which I might not have found under roofs of more pretension, were produced one after the other; and I thus had Hamburg hung beef, Westphalia ham, and even St. Petersburg caviare; preserved pine apple formed my dessert, and a capital glass of claret "for the gentleman," of which the ladies, however, professed themselves incapable of discovering the merit, was followed by an equally capital bottle of brandy, which they evidently understood much better.

In the midst of our festivity, the dog sprang to the door, and a sound like that of a horn or conch shell, was heard through the roar of the gale. The women started from their seats in evident consternation, swept away the remnants of the supper, and conveyed me into an adjoining closet; where they begged of me to keep close, not to speak a syllable, let what would happen, and, as I valued my life and theirs, not to mention thereafter whatever I might see or hear. It was now plain that I was in the house of smugglers; and as those were notoriously people not to be trifled with, I made my promises of non-intervention with perfect sincerity.

I was scarcely in my nook when the party arrived. They were evidently six or seven—their conversation was the common bluster and boisterousness of their trade—and between their demands for supper, their coarse jokes, and their curses at the lubberliness or loitering of their associates from the other side of the Channel, (for, with all their accompliceship, they had the true John Bull contempt for the seamanship of Monsieur,) they kept the house in an uproar. They expected a cargo from Calais that night, and the idea of losing so favourable an opportunity as the tempest offered, rendered them especially indignant. Scouts were sent out from time to time to look for signals, but nothing appeared. At length the brandy was beginning to take effect on their brains, and their rough jokes arose into quarrel. A charge of treachery produced the drawing of cutlasses, and I heard them slashing at each other; but the right Nantz which had inflamed the quarrel rendered it harmless, until one lost his balance, rolled headlong against my door, and burst it in. There stood I, visible to all, and the sight produced a yell, in which the epithets of "spy, exciseman, custom-house shark," and a whole vocabulary of others, all equally remote from panegyric, were showered upon me. I should probably have been cut down by some of the blades which flashed before me, but that I had taken the precaution of carrying my gun to my closet, and was evidently determined to fight it out. This produced a parley; when I told my tale, and as it was corroborated by the women, who came forward trembling at the sight of their savage masters, and who spoke with the sincerity of fear; it saved me further encounter, and I was merely enjoined to pledge myself, that I should not betray them.

The compromise was scarcely brought to a conclusion when the discharge of a pistol was heard outside; and as this was the signal, the whole party prepared to leave the house. I now expected to be left to such slumbers as I could find in the midst of rocking roofs, and rattling doors and windows. But this was not to be. After a short consultation at the door, one of them returned, and desired me to throw on a fisherman's dreadnought which was smoking beside the fire; and follow him. Against this, however, I vehemently protested.

"Why, lookye, sir," said the fellow, smoothing his tone into something like civility, "there is no use in that thing there against about fifty of us; but you must come along."

I asked him, could he suppose, that I was any thing like a spy, or that, if I gave my word, I should not keep it?

"No," said the fellow. "I believe you to be a gentleman; but what a story shall we have for the captain if we tell him that we left a stranger behind us—and, begging your pardon, sir, we know more about you than what the women here told us—and that after he heard all our plans for the night's work, we left him to go off to the custom-house, with his story for the surveyor."

This seemed rational enough, but I still held my garrison. The fellow's face flushed, and, with something of an oath, he went to the door, gave a whistle, and returned next minute with a dozen powerful fellows, all armed. Contest was now useless, and I agreed to go with them until they met the "captain," who was then to settle the question of my liberty. The women curtsied me to the door, as if they rather regretted the loss of their companion, and were at least not much pleased by being cut off from further inroads on a purse which had begun by paying so handsomely, not knowing that it was utterly stript; and we marched to the point of waiting for the bark from Calais.

The storm had actually increased in violence, and the howling of the wind, and thunder of the billows on the shore, were tremendous. Not a word was

spoken, and if it had been, the roar would have prevented it from being heard; the night was pitch dark, and the winding paths along which we rather slid than walked, would not have been easy to find during the day. But custom is every thing; my party strode along with the security of perfect knowledge. The country, too, seemed alive round us. The cottages, it is true, were all silent and shut up as we hurried through; but many a light we saw from the lowly cottage, and many a whistle we heard over the wild heath. Cows' horns were also in evident requisition for trumpets, and in the intervals of the gusts I could often hear the creaking of cart-wheels in the distance. It is to be remembered that this was notoriously the smuggling county of England, that those were the famous times of smuggling, and that the money made by evading the king's customs often amounted to a moderate fortune in the course of a single speculation.

The whole country apparently had two existences, a day and a night one—a day and a night population—the clown and his tillage in the light, the smuggler and his trade in the dark; yet the same peasant frequently exhibiting a versatility for which John Bull seldom gets credit.—The man of the plough-tail and the spade, drudging and dull through one half of his being; the same man, after an hour or two of sleep, springing from his bed at midnight, handling the sail and helm, bailing his Majesty's cruisers at sea, and making a *mêlée* with the officers of the customs on shore—active, quick, and bold, a first-rate seaman, brave as a lion, fleet as a hare, and generally having the best of it in the exercise of both qualities.

Our numbers had evidently grown as we advanced, and at length a whistle brought us to a dead stand. One of the party now touched my sleeve, and said,—"Sir, you must follow me." The cliff was so near, that thoughts not much to the credit of my companions came into my head. I drew back. The man observed it, and said, "The captain must see you, sir. If we wanted to do you any mischief, an ounce of lead might have settled the business an hour ago. But if we are free-traders, we are not bloodhounds. You may trust me; I served on board Rodney's ship."

Of course this was an appeal to my new friend's honour, which could not be refused without hurting his etiquette most grievously, and I followed. After two or three windings through an excavation in the cliff, we came in front of a blazing fire, screened from external eyes by a pile of ship timbers. Before the fire was a table with bottles, and at it a man busily writing. On raising his eyes the recognition was instant and mutual. I saw at once, in his strong features, my companion on the roof of the Royal Sussex stage, whose disappearance had been the subject of so much enquiry. He palpably knew a good deal more of me than I did of him, and, after a moment's embarrassment, and the thrusting of papers and pistols into the drawer of a table, he asked me to sit down; hurried to the mouth of the cavern, heard the story of my capture from the sailor, and returned, with his forehead rather smoothed.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "that the absurdity of my people has given you a walk at this time of night; but they are rough fellows, and their orders are to be on the *qui vive*."

My answer was, "That I had been treated civilly; and, as circumstances had brought it about, I did not so much dislike the adventure after all."

"Well spoken, young gentleman," was his reply. "Circumstances rule every thing in this world, and one thing I shall tell you; you might be in worse hands, even in this country, than in ours. Pray," added he, with a peculiar look, "how did you leave my friend Mordecai?"

I laughed, and he followed my example. Tossing off a glass of wine, and filling out a bumper for me—

"Well, then," said he, "suppose we drink the Jew's health—I gave you a rather strange character of him, I think. I called him the perfection of a rogue; true enough; but still I make a difference between a man who volunteers roguery, and a man on whom it is thrust by the world. Circumstances, you see, are my reason for every thing. Make a hard bargain with Mordecai, and ten to one but you are caught in his trap. Throw yourself on his mercy; and, if the whim takes him, I have known him as generous as any other."

I replied, that his generosity or his craft were now matters of very little importance to me, for I had determined to return to London by daybreak. He expressed surprise, and asked whether I was insensible to the charms of the fair Mariamne, and recommended my trying to make an impression there, if I desired to have as much stock as would purchase the next loan. Our further conversation was interrupted by the sound of a gun from the seaward, and we went out together.—(To be continued.)

RUSSIA—MILITARY ANECDOTES.

In general, the Circassians in St. Petersburg, half hostages, half exiles, mix very little with the Russians, but live exclusively in their own circle, exciting an amusing degree of awe in the peaceful population which surrounds them. The Russian, in all his pride of uniform, whether he be officer, soldier, or policeman, has a salutary dread of interfering with this fierce race, so sensitive to insult, and so prompt to revenge it. In the street whenever you see a crowd carefully making way, you may be sure that it is either a General, a policeman, or a Circassian. Sometimes they are subject to a temporary madness, which, whether it be produced by home-sickness, or by ennui, or that it be a hereditary insanity, is no less fearful in its results. When the fit seizes them, they snatch their arms and go forth slaying whoever comes in their way. Their companions immediately shoot them down as the only means of putting an end to their fury. It is worthy of remark that this hereditary tendency to periodical fits of phrenzy was common amongst the Northmen or Normans, who are distinctly made out to owe their origin to the Caucasian tribes; and a thousand years back the Scandinavian Berserk, when he turned his destroying wrath on his relatives and companions, and bit in his iron-plated shield, was only subject to the same dreadful aberrations as the modern Circassians. A few years since one of these Circassians was in the habit of driving every day to the same spot in one of the public vehicles called *Droschkyes*, which replace in St. Petersburg the cabs of our London streets. Unacquainted with the language and the usual prices, he always gave a silver piece, which being double the customary fare was commonly received by the driver with gratitude. On one occasion, however, he stumbled on a foreigner who displayed his ignorance by giving him so much more than his due, boldly and insolently asserted that it was not enough. The Circassian, without observation, gave him another. The driver was still not satisfied. He gave him a third. The *Troostchik*, who saw no reason why he should cease to demand whilst the other continued to pay, still asked for more, on which, without uttering a word, he snatched his yatagan from his side and stabbed him to the heart. He then proceeded very quietly to call for another *droschky*. When interrogated and asked why he had slain the driver, he replied with *bonhomie*, "Because he was a bad man and a robber, and according to the law of Mahomet it is meritorious to destroy such." He was merely sent back to the Caucasus.

The officers of the Guards—both of Cavalry and of Infantry—belong, in ge-

neral, to the families of the landed aristocracy, and of the higher employés, both civil and military, but there are many exceptions. The former are usually collected into the Guards, because in the first place their fortune may add to its brilliancy; and in the next, because in this manner those who are likely to be the most restless of their class, are immediately under the Imperial eye; and here they are kept with all the severity which a tyrannical schoolmaster exercises over his scholars. No opportunity seems to be neglected of humbling them, or of breaking their spirit—a spirit usually servile enough, but which is judged to be still too independent in the children of the wealthy aristocracy, brought up in the privacy of home, amidst a family perhaps brooding over its degradation, and not bred in a Cadet school to mechanical submission. It is therefore these men who are principally the objects of Imperial severity. The German adventurers, and the offspring of the bureaucracy, get off more easily: for at the same time that they are more supple than the high-born Russian—being divested of all pretensions to personal influence—they give less outrage to a jealous watchfulness which never slumbers. But if most strict for those of more elevated rank, a painful surveillance nevertheless exists for all the officers of the Guards: they are always subject to the observation of an unceasing vigilance, which seems to pry into their most private concerns. For instance, every time an officer comes from his quarters into the town of St. Petersburg, he is obliged to inscribe his name at the gate; this book is forwarded every morning to the Grand Duke Michael, and if the name should strike his eye too often, the officer is sure to be reminded of it, though it has indicated no dereliction of duty. To witness, indeed, what every Russian officer is obliged to submit to from his chiefs, one would certainly imagine that no exuberance of spirit could possibly be to be dreaded; but it would appear that those who rule think differently, for they spare no humiliation which can keep those beneath them accustomed to the chain. Even the Grand Duke Michael, the chief of this chosen army,* may be heard venting the tempestuous violence of his temper in epithets so unmeasured, that no French or English officer would hold his commission under him for a day, reminding one strongly of those old naval captains of fifty years since, who have been so happily described by our novelists. His irritable temperament is roused, and his boisterous eloquence awakened, on the most insignificant occasions; the bad riding of a Cadet, or the discovery that the horse of an officer has broken, during ten yards, from a trot into a canter at a review. Nevertheless, he has his good points; for though he has inherited from his father Paul the mania of descending into ridiculous minutiae, as well as something of his overbearing character, there are yet many traits of the lion about him, which render him popular in the army: he is known to be brave—he is exceedingly generous—and ruins himself to give pensions to old officers, whilst his palaces are filled with old veterans, only fit for an invalid hospital. He is also generally known to repair the injustice of the moment, by a subsequent benefit, as soon as he has cooled down to a due sense of it; sometimes, however, the worm is found to turn upon the foot that tramples it, in Russia, as well as everywhere else. The Grand Duke was, one day, abusing with the utmost violence, an officer whom he had sent for to reprimand for some insignificant offence. The delinquent kept retreating, and the Grand Duke following him, step by step, until he drove him against the wall, venting in the storm of passion into which he had lashed himself, his saliva through his teeth, with his expletives, till at last the officer, losing all patience, tore the insignia of his rank from his shoulders, and threw them on the ground exclaiming, "Since your Imperial Highness has spat in my face, and upon my epaulettes, I will no longer wear them." This rash offender was only banished to the Caucasus for this; but some time after he was recalled, at the Grand Duke's own intercession, and taken into favour by him. With the Grand Duke Michael's officers, the respect they entertain for his rank, and the esteem they have for certain of his good qualities, palliate his brutality; but there are many of his Generals from whom they have to submit to equal insults, from whom they are naturally much more bitterly felt.

The rigorous abolition of duelling has become as great a curse in society and in the army, as its toleration in some other countries. The exceeding severity of the Imperial regulations on this point has tended as rapidly to smother the last germs of independent spirit, as their framers could have wished, and has left no distinction in society between honour and infamy, but the epaulette of the wearer. It is not that here and there instances to the contrary have not occurred, as there always will, in the multitude, be some who will brave even the most rigorous prohibitions; but generally, no Russian will accept a challenge; and men find themselves therefore obliged to put up with the grossest insults, without any means of redress, and since they do not lose caste by this unmerited dishonour, that which they may have merited does not exclude them from the very circle which has witnessed it. It was not yet, however, enough to satisfy the Emperor Nicholas, that he should have gone further than any of his predecessors in rendering his officers machines, but he appears also determined to make them isolated machines. He has endeavoured to effect his purpose by waging a private war against all "esprit de corps" amongst his officers, and has resorted to underhand measures, which have had the effect of banishing all that cordiality and good fellowship which formerly distinguished the intercourse of all those in one regiment, between whose rank there was not too great a disparity.

At the present time so great a change has taken place, that not only the Captain dares not show any familiarity to the Captain-Lieutenant—the Captain-Lieutenant towards the Lieutenant—or the Lieutenant towards the Ensign; but even amongst those whose grade is precisely the same, all bond of union is broken up, and every one is made more or less a spy upon his neighbour's conduct, or feels or imagines that he is spied upon, and consequently mistrusts the man with whom he would have fraternised, even if he does not intrigue against him, as this system encourages him to do. It is true that it has perhaps its advantages, in as far as causing the details of the service to be more strictly attended to; but it is scarcely doubtful that this will be more than counterbalanced by still further lowering the character of the officer, which so many circumstances have contributed to debase. With the great mass of officers, all individuality of character has been destroyed, for the last successors of Peter, whilst endeavouring to carry out the project of converting the Muscovites into a people of Spartans, such as Lycurgus left them, in rendering military every institution of the State, have quelled the last gleam of martial spirit and personal valour in the breasts of their subjects, and so far from founding an Imperial Lacedæmon, are every day more narrowly approaching to a despotism of Chinese centralization, in which all individuality is effaced and lost. We say the last of Peter's successors, because whatever his own views may have been, the rigorous measures, to which he resorted, were calculated not to smother all independence of character, but to enforce obedience in his nobles, which it was indispensable that he should obtain for the furtherance of his vast plans of civilization, for he found the Russia servile but not obedient; but there is nothing to induce the belief that he would wantonly have continued to break and humi-

liate the spirit which, once under control, would have proved so valuable a stimulant in his warlike masses.

His immediate successors, moved apparently by these considerations, slackened the rein which he had tightened for a particular purpose, as soon as they discerned that purpose to be attained; and though none of them attempted ever to allow to any of their subjects the faintest shadow of political rights, until the accession of Peter III. and Catherine II., they still extended to them more or less of civil liberty. In the whole period during which Catherine reigned, (for those who did not thrust themselves into Court or State intrigues,) more personal freedom and even more licence of speech were attained than in any other European country excepting France, whose revolution dawned as the life of this remarkable woman drew towards its close. Under Paul, the moody madman—under Alexander, the liberal in foreign countries, the tool of tyrants in his own—and under Nicholas, the inflexible and persevering despot, not only have the class of nobles, who, when once deprived of all political right by the deed of Peter I., were parked up within the insurmountable pale of absolute and irresponsible power, been denied the free range of the ring whose fence has ever since so fatally inclosed them, but within which the indulgence of former sovereigns still suffered them to range unmolested; but they have been made to submit to the harness, the bit, and the rein, and Nicholas seems determined to fetter them in limb, in spirit, and in thought.

At all periods of Russian history, perhaps the greatest gallantry was to be found in the ranks of the Russian nobles; for though servitude deteriorates equally the character of the tyrant and the slave, the vices to which it gives rise in the oppressor and the oppressed, are of a very different nature. The courage which servitude tends to stifle in the enslaved, usually characterises his enslaver, tarnished and mingled as it may be with brutality. Now, though the Russian noble, himself both slave and master, and therefore partaking of some of the bad qualities attendant on both these unnatural situations, if never indeed possessing the lordly and ferocious valour of the Polish noble who ruled and knew of no superior, yet only partially enslaved, and only made to feel occasionally that he was subservient to a will mightier than his own, it may readily be conceived that in his breast this feeling would not be so much depressed and deadened as in that of the race of hereditary bondsmen, whose servitude and degradation had never known the intermission of an hour. It was from this source, that up to the reign of Paul, a class of officers creditably brave, was drawn to second the efforts of soldiers whose blind and fanatic confidence stood them in lieu of courage, and rendered the Russian arms the terror of all who opposed them. But as these officers died off or retired, those by whom they were succeeded showed too well that the personal oppression to which they were subjected, was fast reducing the lord, by the same process, to the pusillanimity of his serf; and it is since this date that we hear of the excellence of the Russian armies declining, and of the Russian officer in the front of battle ignominiously betraying his terrors to the men.

In the present state of society, education, and feeling in Russia, everything must tend to break and subdue the spirit of the young Russian destined for the career of arms, and to render him effeminate and cowardly. But nothing more so than his being trained up in a Cadet corps as is now almost universally the case, the government having established these military schools all over the empire; accordingly the few exceptions to this rule are found amongst the wealthier aristocracy, who educate their children at home until such time as they go directly into the army as *yunkers*, keeping them thus for a few years of their childhood in some measure abstracted from the evils of corruption, which in public life must everywhere surround them; it is to such individuals that the lesson of submission, which, according to Imperial notions, must have been culpably neglected in all private education, is always taught most bitterly. On the other hand, the young officer brought up in the Cadet school, who, in the course of his military studies has gone through all the grades of mimic rank, who has learned to handle a tiny musket from his infancy, and been disciplined and tutored like a soldier in the ranks of his companions to all the military evolutions, who has been forced to wear a coarse shirt, to live on coarse food, and to sleep on a hard bed, turns out more of a Sybarite than a Spartan. From his infancy he has seen every sally of vivacity checked, every display of hardihood and spirit repressed and punished as ruffianism, and he has all his life been witness to one continued scene of subservience to authority, and to see every noble and generous feeling subdued to it. Even his amusements have never been of that rough but active description, which brace the mind, and give a tone of vigour to the youthful character, as well as health and muscular power to the body. On his entrance into the army, he finds life what his school was. If he depends on his profession for his fortune, he is usually imbued with the idea that a strict attendance to forms, a cringing servility to his superiors, a starched demeanour, and a tone of brutality with the men, are all that are required, with the help of a little intrigue, to fit him for his profession and procure him promotion in it, and as far as regards his advancement his judgment is perfectly correct. If, on the other hand, he be one of those unfortunates whose service is expected as a tribute, he can be expected to take no interest in a profession, his forced adoption of which he considers as a painful state of probation. Almost always utterly unacquainted with the use of arms, and unaccustomed to field, or any other active sports, the Russian officer is often really no more manly than an English school-girl; this effeminaey may be judged from the fact, that though in the Guards every officer has several horses, they never ride excepting when on duty or in the riding school, and, although Petersburg has generally a garrison of 70,000 men, a mounted officer, unless going to or coming from a parade, is a sight not witnessed ten times in the year.

Is it surprising, therefore, that the courage of which from their infancy every appearance has been carefully repressed, should fail to flow suddenly into the bosom of these men, at the very moment when they are for the first time allowed to evince it,—when in face of the enemy? Generally all ranks are ignorant of their profession, but in addition to this there is one very singular feature which characterises the condition of the corps of officers of the Guards, which no other army in Europe exhibits: so far from expressing, even by the mouth of its youngest members, that thoughtless anxiety for war and action which pervades the junior ranks of all other services, you hear with surprise, in their conversation, a philosophic strain of railery directed against all pretensions to hardihood, and ridiculing unmercifully the idea of men exposing themselves to more personal danger than can possibly be avoided in actual warfare, a sentiment imply the hidden thought, to which no one dares give utterance, "That it is folly to expose oneself for the advantage of one's worst enemy." Thus, though an incessant war is carrying on against the tribes of the Caucasus, from this innumerable army it is a thing of very rare occurrence to hear of an officer volunteering to go to the scene of action, and the few who do, unless their desperate circumstances drive them to this step, are only laughed at for their folly.

With regard to the officers of the Guards, it is difficult to give an idea of the painful surveillance and the ridiculous restraint to which they are subjected, or to imagine the vexatious manner in which the Emperor and the Grand Duke

* Of the Guards.

Michael find time to interfere with the most absurd trifles in their conduct, which one would have thought that the former, at least, would scarcely have had leisure to notice. For instance: some officers of the Guards, whilst the Emperor was absent, got up some hurdle-races, but immediately on his return he expressed his disgust that men wearing the Imperial epaulettes should make jockeys of themselves. This opinion puts an end to the thing forever.

An officer, wealthy, and in the full exuberance of youthful life and spirits, although never allowing his pleasures to interfere with his duty, is thought to spend his money too joyously; he is banished for a twelvemonth to some government town. Another officer of good family, and in whom, therefore, little things are not easily forgiven, has the misfortune to meet the Emperor several times successively in the street; he falls into disfavour. "How is it," said the Emperor Nicholas to Prince Menchikoff, "that wherever I go, on the English quay, in the Newsky prospect, or in the Summer gardens, I meet with your scape-grace nephew idling his time?" "Uncle," replied the nephew, to this august observation, which was carefully repeated to him by the Prince, "how is it, tell me, that wherever I go, to the English quay, to the Newsky prospect, or to the Summer gardens, I everywhere meet with the Emperor idling his time?" We must add that this bold youth has been twice banished to the Caucasus, and that unless he very much mends his manners he is likely to end his days in Siberia.

A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of the most productive iron-works, presuming on his wealth, as people are apt to do, was supposed to have shown a tone too independent to be tolerated, in having evaded such honours and offices as it was supposed his fortune would invest with *éclat*. A man who indulges in any illusions of any sort of independence in Russia is, however, soon made sensible of the chain to his leg. He was refused permission to travel. He had three or four hundred thousand pounds in the national bank; but when he attempted to draw out a large sum at once, it was intimated that he could not be allowed to do so, unless he could show very satisfactorily what he intended to do with it. As a peace-offering he placed one of his sons in the Chevalier Guards, where, after some years' service, he was appointed to superintend the purchase of regimental horses. It is customary in all the regiments of the Guards to intrust this commission to young men of fortune, as an economical means of getting expensive horses at a cheap rate. They have a year's leave of absence granted them, and at the expiration of this time are customarily promoted; but they are expected to bring back no animals which are not worth about double the regimental price,—so that an undertaking of this nature usually costs them one to several thousand pounds. Jakovleff acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the Colonel; but, nevertheless, he was not promoted. As soon as it was possible to do so,—naturally not much enamoured with the service after this,—he left it; but he also was, and has been ever since, refused permission to travel.

Obligated thus to remain at home, he consoled himself by going the full length of Anglo and France-mania, and whilst in this state of mind was one day disporting in the Newsky Prospect, in all the glorious foppery of the most *outré* Parisian costume. On his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed, a handkerchief, with a gigantic bow, was tied around his neck, a cloak, so short that it seemed a cape, was thrown over his shoulders, on his chin he wore a beard "à la Henri Quatre." He had an enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels. As he was sauntering complacently along the broad pavement of this St. James's-street of St. Petersburg the Emperor's carriage drove past, and abruptly stopping short, the Emperor himself leaned out, and beckoning the beau to approach him,—

"Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with humorous curiosity, "who, in God's name are you, and where do you come from?"

"May it please your Majesty, I have the honour to be your Majesty's faithful subject, *Save Saveitch* Jakovleff."

"Indeed!" replied the Emperor with mock gravity; "we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, *Save Saveitch*. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us."

Jakovleff slyly let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings took his seat.

"But stop," said the Emperor,—who had not noticed this proceeding at first,—when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, *Save Saveitch*?"

"Oh, never mind the stick, your Majesty."

"Oh, we must have your stick, *Save Saveitch*. Turn back," he said to the coachman. The stick was picked up, and the Emperor gave orders to drive on straight to the palace. He alighted, and beckoned to the dandy to follow him. "Oh, no, *Save Saveitch*. don't take off your cloak,—we must have you just as you are, hat, and stick, and cloak, and all."

The Emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the Empress.

"Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?"

"No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter at the sight of the extraordinary figure before her.

"Then allow me to inform you, this is our faithful subject, *Save Saveitch* Jakovleff. What do you think of him; is not he a pretty fellow?"

The unfortunate beau, whose feelings may be conceived, after furnishing food for some moment's merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion; but before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. Lenient, however, the punishment inflicted on this harmless ridicule proved not to have been, for the man went home, took his bed, and fell very dangerously ill, from the consequence of the fright and mortification he had endured. We will make no comment on this transaction, for after the first smile at reproved foppery, it will furnish the reader with sufficiently grave reflections. In another case, in the privacy of a very small circle, a young officer repeats some humorous lines he had composed, in which he facetiously called upon the Emperor to favour him with an *ukase*, for some particular purpose, since *ukases* were promulgated on every subject, the lines terminating with—

Tout se fait par *ukase*, ici

C'est par *ukase* que l'on voyage,

C'est par *ukase* l'on rit.

The next morning, before he was up, he was sent for to Count Benckendorff's office. "My young friend," said the Count, "you have got a very pretty talent for writing verses, we hear. We must send you to cultivate the muses in solitude for a few years. You recited some very charming poetry last night, in which you contemplated the possibility of a journey. I announce it to you. (Vous avez prévu un voyage. Eh bien! je vous l'annonce.)" The Feld Jaeger and his post waggon were waiting at the door to convey him into exile. These are few out of five hundred similar instances which immediately occur to us; but every day furnishes abundant proofs that it is systematically that the Emperor Nicholas is endeavouring to reduce the very shadow of any independence of spirit amongst his officers; if their moral character has therefore, from

various causes, fallen wofully low, there is little chance of its being raised up now.

VISIT TO THE LONDON TIMES PRINTING-OFFICE.

THE TIMES is a power in Europe—deservedly or not, let me not stop at present to inquire. Curious to see the seat of so extraordinary a government, I lately took an opportunity, while on a visit to London, of putting myself into the hands of a friend who was able, by private connection, to procure for me that gratification. In his company, and with one or two other friends in attendance, I made this pilgrimage at three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday—a point in the daily circle of time when the office is comparatively in a state of rest, and at which, accordingly, on three day of the week, parties with proper recommendations are admitted.

Diving and doubling along a set of narrow alleys in the district between Ludgate hill and the river, we in time found ourselves in a small court, dignified with the name of Printing-house Square, two sides of which are occupied, we were told, by the offices of the Times newspaper. The first emotion—like that of most foreigners on seeing St. James's palace—is wonder that so great a power which can thus afford to be independent of mere externals. And this is a principle much exemplified in London, particularly in mercantile life. Look at the rich old wholesale firms which burrow in dim back-rooms in the city; and then regard the retail merecers, hardly able to make the two ends meet, who luxuriate in shops of more than oriental magnificence at the west end.

The apartments employed in the business of printing are chiefly contained in one building of two storeys, forming one side of the square. They are four in all—two upon each floor—access being afforded by a lobby and staircase in the middle. The other accommodations consist of a few comparatively small rooms laterally connected with these. First entering by a door apart from the lobby just mentioned, we find ourselves in an ordinary accompting-room, furnished with a counter and desks, and attended by a suite of clerks, whose main duty it is, I believe, to take in and receive payment for advertisements. A few persons, in apparently humble circumstances, were here engaged in looking over files of the paper, probably in quest of past announcements containing "something to their advantage," or examining whether their own advertisements were inserted. But the time for the throng and bustle of this part of the establishment had not, I believe, arrived. A head-clerk here took our party politely in charge, and conducted us first to a narrow apartment below the level of the ground, where the paper goes through the process preliminary to printing, of being damped, which is effected by dipping every third quire or so in a trough of the pure element, and then subjecting the whole to a press, so as to diffuse the humefaction equally throughout. Here we saw a couple of colossal piles of paper, which had undergone the damping process being the quantity required for the impression of next morning. How strange to reflect on the dispersion which the two days would give to this mass, and the infinite variety of intellectual operations to which it would give rise! We were next led into the machine-rooms where the printing takes place; but I postponed a description of it till after some of the other apartments had been described, in order that those unacquainted with printing may better understand the series of processes involved in the production of a newspaper.

I proceed, then up stairs to the composing-rooms, which are two in number, one being devoted to the setting up of advertisements alone, and the other to the miscellaneous matter of the paper. Considering the size of these room, and the limited number of windows, it is surprising how many men are employed in them. The room for miscellaneous matter accommodates twenty-two, and the advertisement-room no fewer than forty; the total number of compositors being thus sixty-two. This concentration of men is only effected by putting three to each line of cases, or six at a window; a number so great, that, unless an effectual system of ventilation be adopted, the place must be extremely unhealthy. Such cramming, it may be remarked, is scarcely known out of London, where the high value of ground-room renders the temptation to it very great. It must in this office be felt the more, as far as day-work is concerned, as the type employed for advertisements is the small sort called nonpareil. The advertisements daily published in the Times have, since the reduction of the duty in 1833, experienced a vast increase, inasmuch that for the last five years the paper has appeared on a sheet double the former dimensions—consisting of four instead of two leaves, and even in this expanded form, supplements containing two leaves more are occasionally found necessary, the whole presenting such a vast and dense mass of reading, that one might almost suppose the object of advertising in such a medium would be lost. Generally, there are from eight hundred to a thousand advertisements in the Times. On the day of our visit, a supplement had been published; and yet we were shown four or five columns of advertisements which, after all, had been left over. Owing to this constant pressure upon the capacity of the paper for advertisements, the superintendent of this department has to exercise a discretionary power in inserting or withholding these announcements. When the object seems instant, as the recovery of things lost, the immediate sailing of a vessel, &c., the advertisement has a good chance of getting in immediately; but matters which seem as if they would keep, are kept accordingly for three or four days. A gentleman tells me he has had to wait three weeks before an advertisement of his for lodgings obtained insertion, though this I should suppose an extreme case. Owing to the great value of space in this paper, no advertisements are even given in large or spaced type. The charges are thus fixed upon a simple principle, five shillings being demanded from the ordinary public for the smallest, or those under four lines, and sixpence for every line above that number till twenty is reached, after which the rate of advance is smaller. This is the rule in theory, but its practice is only followed out in what may be called ordinary advertisements. For letters from individuals who are so anxious to appear in print, that they do not mind paying for the insertion of their lucubrations with the word "advertisement" attached, the announcements of public companies' electioneering notifications, there is no rule: out of the pocket of such parties the Times indemnifies itself for its deductions from servants and the poorer class of advertisers, the charge to whom are on a considerably lower scale. Here it must be borne in mind, that 1s. 6d. is paid as duty for each advertisement; so that, from the great host of announcements headed "Wanted," three-and-sixpence being charged, the Times realises only two shillings. Advertisement are acknowledged to be the chief source of profit in the business of this, as of most other papers.

We next proceeded to the *Locking-up-room*, which is situated on the lower floor, and in which the most prominent objects are a set of stone tables employed in arranging the pages of type after they been composed. For unskilled readers, it must be necessary to state, that when advertisements and articles of intelligence have been set up in type the matter which they form is carried in long columns on certain trays (technically called *galleys*) to the room now under our notice, where, after a first correction, it is amassed in pages, and these pages, when finally deemed correct in all respect are wedged up tightly in iron

frames, called *chases*, so as to be ready to go under the press. In such an office as that of the Times, where there is much work to do quickly, the locking-up-room is one of consequence. Fifteen men are employed in it.

Appropriately, the *Press-room* is adjacent to this one, on the same floor, so that the *forms* (as the pages of type are called) have to travel little ways in order to do their duty. In this press-room there are three printing machines, of a particularly complicated kind, invented expressly for the printing of such large newspaper sheets as the Times. One alone is necessary for the ordinary work of the paper: another is required in the case of a supplement; the third is only there least any accident should befall the other machines in the course of working. The room in which we now stood will ever be a memorable place in the history of the noblest of arts—typography. For here, in 1814, was set up the first printing-machine employed in England. The common printing-press is limited in its powers, both as to the size of *form* which it can impress, and the rate of speed at which it can work. Of one moderate-sized page, only eight hundred could be produced in an hour, two men and a boy being employed. Thus, it required four presses and twelve persons to produce eight hundred full sheets, of a moderate-sized paper of two leaves, in an hour. Where a small impression was required, this system did very well; but when it amounted to several thousands, a great difficulty was experienced. Supposing one set of forms to be used, it is evident that, before the impression could be completed, the news would be stale, and, in fact, superseded. The only means of obviating this difficulty was to go to the great expense of having two or more sets of forms set up, to be printed at different presses. The first machine erected in the Times office was of the double-cylinder kind, now so common throughout newspaper offices all over the country; but, if we are not mistaken, it was driven by men's hands. It could print the whole four-page sheet at once, at the rate of eight hundred in an hour, thus quadrupling the rate of speed of the common printing-press. By and by, the advertisements and other matter of the paper increased so much in amount, that the sheet of four pages became insufficient, and it was found necessary every now and then to issue a supplementary sheet, for which, in the then state of law, a duty of twopence on every copy was paid, although nothing was or could be charged for it to the public. To save themselves from this large expense, the proprietors endeavoured to devise means for printing a double sheet at once, and this was accomplished by the invention of that form of the printing-machine which now exists in the Times, and a few other offices. The first double sheet thus printed appeared on the 19th of January 1829, "four feet in length, three in breadth, containing forty-eight columns of matter, of which rather more than thirty were filled with advertisements." It was calculated that, in comparison to one of the earliest newspapers produced in this country, the matter of this sheet was as a hundred to one! It is difficult to give even the faintest idea of such a piece of mechanism as the Times printing-machine, without the aid of the draughtsman. Suffice it to say that it is a metal frame about fourteen feet in length by ten in height, containing four forms of type of two pages each, and four printing cylinders, together with inking apparatus for each: and that four boys stand at different places feeding it with paper, while other four boys are seated under them, to receive the sheets as they are issued forth printed; the whole being driven by a steam-power established in an adjacent chamber. Each sheet, it will be observed, is put into the machine twice before it is completely printed: yet so unintermitting is the business of impression—so constantly is one or other of the forms under pressure—that four thousand sheets can be completely printed in an hour, or even, upon an exigency, four thousand five hundred. Thus the whole impression of eighteen thousand—for such is now the ordinary circulation of this paper—can be thrown off between six in the morning and eleven in the forenoon. To execute so much work would take a printing-press nine days, working ten hours a day; or, to do it in the same time by that ordinary mode of printing, twenty presses and five sets of forms would be required. The benefits of steam-printing are here, then, abundantly conspicuous; for to produce five sets of the types, five times the number of compositors, and also five times the number of officials in the locking-up-room, besides additional readers, or correctors of the press, would be called for, namely, about four hundred in all, while forty men and twenty boys would be required at the presses, instead of the eight boys and a superintendent who are now alone necessary. With such an establishment to keep up, it could not of course be expected that this enormous sheet would be given to the public without either an increase of its price or a higher rate of charge for advertisements; so that the public clearly benefits by the printing mechanism, as well as the proprietors. It may further be observed, that to any particular benefit derived from steam-printing, the proprietors of the Times have a powerful claim, if it be true, which has been stated, that they spent six thousand pounds in bringing steam-printing to perfection. Their exertions and expenses for this object must be allowed to form a great debt against the public, when we consider the immense advantages which it has derived, and is daily deriving, from that mode of printing.

At the earnest solicitation of some of our party, we were conducted to the part of the establishment where the intellectual operations go on—and here we experienced the same irrational though natural disappointment which the whole establishment is at first calculated to convey. Adjoining to that room on the upper floor where the news matter is set up, is a plain chamber, furnished with a couple of long deal tables, with a range of small black desks along them; while the walls sustain some shelves loaded with files of the paper, parliamentary reports, and other volumes of a bulky description. This is the *Reporters' Room*. Adjoining, and accessible by passing through it, is another room, of the character of a plain library room or study, with one square table-desk in the centre, the surrounding shelves being filled with Annual Registers and other works chiefly of a historical kind. This is the *Editor's Room*—the Olympus of that capricious thunderer more powerful than

Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

There are no other accommodations here for intellectual labourers; but the fact we understand to be, that much of the original matter of the Times is produced elsewhere. One important department, the City Article, is prepared in a separate office (in Birch Lane) by a distinct corps of writers, three in number, with occasional assistants—at the head of whom stands one described a few years ago as having a more thorough knowledge of the commercial and monetary affairs of England than any other known man living. Another important department consists in the correspondence of literary agents or reporters, who reside in various seats of important transactions throughout the world, for the purpose of communicating early intelligence of what is passing under their observation. At Paris there is an establishment for the Times reporters, each morning paper possessing a similar one, which, besides supplying articles of news regarding the French capital, forms a sort of agency for the management of expresses overland from India, and various other parts of the world; as if

to confirm the French boast, that "all roads lead to Paris." Every extraordinary express from Paris costs £35. The ordinary daily express arriving about twelve or one every night, costs about six guineas, or £7 only; in which, as all the morning papers join, Morning Chronicle, Herald, Post, and Advertiser, the real share of the Times is one-fifth. The ordinary express is brought to Calais from Paris by the French estafette mail, put on board the mail-steamer, and, on landing at Dover, is despatched to London by horse express, which conveys the parcel of each paper. An extraordinary express, that is, "a courier throughout," is only sent when some extraordinary news—such as the India overland mail—reaches Paris any time in the middle of the night, or before twelve in the day. The French estafette mail starts at six, but no letters are admissible after five. Sometimes, when the particular news in Paris is of a public nature—that published, for example, in the papers, or otherwise accessible to the conductor of the establishment of each morning paper—they agree to run the extraordinary express together, and share the expense. But if any one has, or believes he has, the news exclusive, he despatches an extraordinary courier on the sole account of his own paper.

In London, also, there is a set of gentlemen regularly engaged by the Times as contributors of original or *leading articles*, and these perform their duty at their own homes. Thus, the duties of the editor and a portion of those of the reporters are all that remain to be executed—to use a familiar phrase—upon the premises. In the time of parliament, about twenty reporters are engaged upon the Times newspaper, most of whom are employed on parliamentary business alone, while the rest furnish reports of trials in courts of law, examinations and convictions before police magistrates, and the proceedings of public meetings of importance in London and the provinces. The laborious services of a reporter are rewarded by a salary of five guineas a week. The system of parliamentary reporting for the Times has never yet been quite correctly described. The business of each house commences about four o'clock, and a reporter, who is said to take the "first turn," attends and makes notes till five. A successor then relieves him, and he goes to the office to write out his notes for the compositors. Except the first, all the other "turns" last about three quarters of an hour, and sometimes less, because the business of both houses is commenced with mere routine affairs—the presentation of petitions, &c.—and there is little for the short-hand writer to do. But with the commencement of a debate, his work begins in earnest. If a fluent speaker be on his legs, each faculty is absorbingly occupied, catching and recording every word which falls from the orator's lips, until he is relieved by a colleague, who, for the next three quarters of an hour, is similarly employed. The short-hand notes each man thus collects, take, at the least, three hours to transcribe into intelligible manuscript; so that it is seldom any reporter but he who has had the easy first turn, has occasion to revisit "the house;" for, by the time he has written out his notes, the house of lords is "up" (which happens generally between seven and eight o'clock in the evening), and the reporters in waiting to report the speeches of the peers, transfer their services to the relief of their brethren in the Commons. Unless, therefore, the debate be protracted to an early hour the next morning, they who have taken the second or third turns are not again wanted. By these relays, an unbroken chain of reporting is kept up, and the whole series of debates which began at four and five in the afternoon, and continued till three or four in the morning, is issued to the public within a very few hours of the termination of the debate. High qualifications are required in a good reporter. Besides being a skilful short-hand writer, he must be a man of quick observation and fair literary acquirement. In following the better—more fluent order of speakers—he must keep his ears open to catch the faintest syllable, so that every word may appear in print the next morning with unerring accuracy. In this case his duty is mechanical; he has only to put down what is said exactly as it is said. But with bad speakers, and they are unfortunately in a large majority in both houses, the case is different. In following him the reporter can make but little use of short hand; his quick eye and intelligent brain must find out what the hesitating speaker means, not so much by the words he utters, as by his manner and what he has uttered before. Were the *verbatim et literatim* principle applied to the bad parliamentary speaker, his speeches would be perfectly unintelligible, although the subject-matter as it really is printed (dressed up by the reporter) may be good and really important. Of course, it occasionally happens that the orations are reported in the newspaper in a briefer form than the speaker thinks they deserve; and persons liable to have their discourses so treated have often complained of the present unauthorised plan of reporting. But, practically, this plan is, beyond doubt, the best that could be adopted. It seems very certain that by no plan under the control of parliament itself could the speeches be given in a way which the public would approve of, for then there could be no excuse for not printing the merest twaddle at the same length as the most valuable matter. With respect to expedition, too, private enterprise has done that which no public system could be expected to do. It watches debates to any hour in the morning; and to whatever length they may have extended, makes sure to lay them upon the breakfast-tables of all London and the nearest parts of the provinces. It has often happened, I believe, that the beginning of a speech was twenty miles on its way upon the north road in a printed newspaper before the speaker had concluded it in the house.

Less is known of the editorship of the Times than of the other departments; but it is understood that one of the main duties of the chief editor is to see that all the various articles, the production of different minds, are in harmony with each other, and with the political tone of the paper for the time. Mr. Barnes, who exercised the duty for many years before his death, which lately happened, was a highly accomplished man, a member of the bar, and one who had taken considerable honours at one of the universities. It was understood that his salary was twelve hundred guineas. The working time of the editor is from five in the afternoon to an early hour in the morning; and without his signature upon the blank or first proof of the pages, the paper cannot go to press. There are also two sub-editors, respectably remunerated, whose duties are of an important kind.

We had now completed the survey which we were permitted to make of this remarkable place, and took our departure, if not with the consciousness of having seen anything very extraordinary in itself, yet with feelings not a little impressed by the associations which it is calculated to awaken. "The leading journal of Europe" is a proud boast, and it is one to which this paper has long asserted its claim, notwithstanding every thwarting circumstance. In the conduct of the English press generally, there are, no doubt, failings of considerable magnitude; but it is, after all, a noble thing, and, like every other social feature of our state, it is in the course of constant improvement. Beside any traits of a sordid spirit which it may manifest, place such a trait of magnanimity about money matters as the Times lately displayed, when it gave—to found a couple of scholarships—about four thousand pounds which had been subscribed to reimburse it for law expenses incurred in consequence of exposing a band of swindlers. Beside its helotisms place its heroisms, as exemplified by its fo-

reign reporters hanging on the skirts of guerilla armies, or mingling in the mêlée of insurgent cities, exposing themselves to the extreme of danger, for the purpose merely of supplying early intelligence to the "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease." The disposition to censure the press must then be mingled at least with some share of admiration. Perhaps the greatest fault of the men connected with newspapers is their taking too low a view of their function and its powers. Writing always for the day, they limit themselves to the transient ideas and maxims of the day, in which the taking of a side seems very much a matter of indifference, and really is so. Were they, within prudent bounds, to set themselves up as the teachers of truths of wider basis and more general application, they would better consult their own dignity, and the success, I firmly believe, would be infinitely greater; for, after all, there is an instinctive perception of truth which is all but universal, and Conscientiousness and Benevolence are Power, as much as is Knowledge or Talent.

A DEAD HIT; OR, HOW TO MAKE A BENEFIT.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

THE following anecdote is narrated on the authority of a gentleman who was for many years previously to Elliston's death his private secretary, confidant, and companion, and whose veracity is too universally admitted to be doubted by any one. To him, the Comedian himself has more than once related it, and always with great glee, evidently considering it an uncommonly good joke, though it certainly was rather a grave one. The propriety of the proceeding may perhaps justly be questioned, but propriety has seldom been looked for as the close companion of eccentricity; the universal levity with which the grim king of terrors was formerly treated in their epigrammatic epitaphs by our Lapidarian bards, our village Propertiuses and Tibulluses, for the most part the worshipful company of 'parish clerks,' may be urged too in extenuation. The aim of these latter worthies seem to have been most religiously to obey the old adage which enjoins us "to say nothing of the dead but that which is good," independently of this, the lately published "reports of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of public charities," furnished abundant instances that testamentary oddity was of every-day occurrence.

Besides this general sanction of treating with apparent lightness subjects the most serious, it must be remembered that the actor was at the time of this transaction in his green and salad days; the seeming irreverence of the expedient may therefore be excused for its necessity, its adroitness, and its originality; the anecdote will also furnish, if any such proof be wanted, another instance to be added to those already related to the comedian's singular readiness in an emergency, and happy faculty of turning circumstances, even the most adverse, to his advantage.

In the early part of the actor's career, while yet unknown to fame, he joined a strolling company who were exhibiting for a few nights only in a barn fitted up for the occasion, in W——, a little country town of a not very flourishing country. The business, as it is aptly enough termed, had been very bad, the company had not been adequately patronized by the rural population of W——, and the manager thought it advisable to close his theatre and season somewhat precipitately; for this purpose he abruptly gave Elliston, who was leading the business and was playing for a benefit, notice, on a certain Saturday, that he was to have his benefit the following Monday.

"What! my dear sir," said the surprised comedian, "take my Ben next Monday! Why, I shall have no time to get out my tickets, or post my bills. It will be totally impossible to let the natives know, and I am sure every body will be anxious to witness my performance."

"I can't help that, Muster Elliston," replied Mr. Mouldygrub, the manager, "I can't help your not having time to get out your bills; I only want the trades people here not to have time to get out *theirs*. Monday is the only open night we have, all the rest are devoted to the benefits of the other members of the company: this day week I close."

There was no gainsaying this determination. Like that of other monarchs, the word of the theatrical potentate of W—— was law, and Elliston set his busy fancy to work to devise what steps would be best to take.

"It is now Saturday noon," thought he, "I cannot get my bills printed till night, and when I do get them out there are no dead walls round W—— on which to post them—to-morrow is Sunday, what's to be done? I have it! Every body goes to church here; 'tis true I have no interest with a single living soul in the place. Well, I must make interest in another quarter, take a liberty where I know it will not be complained of, at least by those with whom it is taken, avail myself of a few *post obit* bills. Dead walls must be found, yes, 'I'll make the very stones prate of my whereabouts.' I'll stick—stick—no matter where—at any rate I'll not stick at trifles. No, I will stand the hazard of the die."

To borrow a late joke of the Editor who presides over these pages, though Elliston did ultimately as he had intimated he would, stick at something, he in reality *stuck at nothing*, as will appear in the sequel.

His resolution taken, our comedian drew out a flaming bill announcing for his benefit on the following Monday, Monk Ghost Lewis's "Castle Spectre," in which he was to sustain the principal character, together with a variety of singing and dancing. The whole to conclude with O'Keeffe's Farce, "Dead Alive."

This bill he duly had printed, and apparently retired to his truckle-bed as usual, but in pursuance of his plan he arose in the "dead waste and middle of the night," and repairing to the Golgotha of W——, soon, in silence, secrecy, safety, accomplished his purpose.

Accordingly on the following morning, when the church-going bell called the little population of W—— to congregate together, and meet in brotherly love, agreeably to the good old custom, the worthy minister, with the parochial officers and honest inhabitants were considerably scandalized at the spectacle which then presented itself. To their great surprise, they found the mural enclosure of the venerable Saxon structure, which had presided for centuries over the pastoral destinies of W——, and in the peaceful realms of which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept," together with one or two of the most imposing of the last mansions of the landed gentry, thickly plastered over with the benefit bills of the eccentric actor.

Shocked at this outrage, which, as the parish clerk of the place, who was also its schoolmaster, and professed to teach the dead languages observed, learnedly blundering on a pun, was an offence *contra bonos mores*, the bill-sticker of the district was directly summoned, but he indignantly denied all knowledge of the profane proceedings, and the rustic Dogberrys found themselves wholly at fault as to the author of the offence, their suspicions never once falling upon the person most interested in the affair, and consequently the most likely to commit it, the *Bénéficiaire*! After much discussion in close vestry, it was subsequently determined to offer a REWARD for the discovery of the culprit who had committed this daring act. Placards were therefore immediately printed, stating the nature of the offence, and promising five pounds to any one who would give

such information as should lead to the detection of the person or persons who had pasted the bills announcing Mr. Elliston's benefit at the theatre of W—— upon the walls and memorials before mentioned.

These placards, early on the Monday morning were fully displayed in the market-places and public spots of all the towns and villages, for at least ten miles round W——. This was the very thing Elliston wanted, it afforded him an advertisement of his benefit he could not have procured by any other means.

The circumstance became a universal talk, and many honest persons from different parts of the country walked over to W——ocularly to satisfy themselves of the fact that such an impropriety had really been committed. The comedian's benefit bills, which had been suffered to remain on the desecrated walls, were anxiously inspected by hundreds, and the various wonders promised by the performer duly spelt over. The visitors' imaginations were inflamed, desire was created, and the result at night was an overflowing house in every part of the barn, which was crowded by spectators, who, but for this circumstance would certainly never entered the Thespian temple of W——.

A very considerable sum was next morning transferred to the pocket of our Comedian, who wisely keeping his own council, speedily became one of the departed. "If," soliloquized he, "I can only call the friends, by whose assistance I obtained the notice of the public on this occasion, my *late* friends—yet 'better late than never.' Though my time has been rather short, my receipts have not proved so, and I shall always hold their memory in respect: for thanks to their means, unpatronized and unproved, my *Benefit* has turned out—a complete dead hit!"

NATURAL DECAY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

To carry out the inevitable decree that "all must die," the Creator has ordained that, besides the casual accidents by which human life may be suddenly arrested, certain agents of slow decay should begin to operate from the time man arrives at maturity, to that when he returns to the dust whence he arose. This slow but never-ceasing process is best exemplified in those individuals who are said to "die of old age;" that is to say, in persons who yield up the breath of life without exhibiting the smallest outward sign of disease or disorganization. In contemplating a case of this kind, it may be naturally asked, "What is the process by which nature provides for the gradual extinction of life within us, when a constitution naturally sound, which eighty returning suns have found and left in the enjoyment of health, at length approaches its natural close?" The answer is, that nature effects her object by a process of hardening the materials and vessels of the human frame. In childhood, even the bones are softer than in maturity, and are thus by a wise ordination of nature less liable, from their elasticity, to be broken when exposed to accidents during the incautious years of childhood. In maturity they are just of sufficient consistency to obey the impulses of a manly spirit with promptitude and vigour. From that period—during the descent of the hill of life—the hardening process continues, while, however, the caution increases, and a balance of chances against accident is nicely kept up. In old age the bones become crisp and dry, from the continued hardening by which nature effects her allotted work of decay.

It is not alone, however, by the hardening of the bones, neither is it by their immediate deterioration, that life ceases; it is by the hardening of the finest of the apparatus for circulating the blood, to which phancy is essential. The muscles may and do stiffen, the nerves also lessen in sensibility, with no other bad result than local inconveniences; but the arteries to perform their functions with proper effect, must be sufficiently pliable to adapt themselves to the varying rapidity and momentum of circulation, which are the necessary consequences of exercise, of mental emotion, or the satisfaction of our appetites. It is plain, therefore, that as these vessels harden, they fulfil their offices less and less efficiently; till one of them, whose functions are of a vital nature, refuses its office, and the workings of the human machine are stopped. This most frequently happens to the finest and most exquisitely organised of our arteries—those of the brain—though it often takes a long course of years for the hardening or ossifying process to reach them. The decaying inroads usually commence in the aorta or large artery issuing from the heart, and its three earliest branches. As life advances, this ossific process creeps into the most distant branches of the arterial system, and when it arrives at the vessels of the brain, it produces what is called apoplexy; a means of death which is—contrary to popular opinion—the most perfectly natural of all modes of vital decay. How splendid a picture does this present of the unbounded love and tenderness of the Creator towards his creatures! The body must perish, but in the truly normal mode of decay; death is effected by a process which, in one instant, destroys all sensation and all consciousness! Nor is this always a premature mode of departure from the world—in some cases the lamp of life is not suddenly extinguished. It burns down to the socket, and in the most wonderful manner extinguishes itself. As an illustration of this, Dr. Gregory mentions the following case:—"A lady at Bath (a relation of my own), one of a family remarkable for longevity, had reached the age of eighty-nine; weak in body, but in perfect possession of all her faculties. On Monday, February 6, 1843, just six weeks ago, she was sitting on a sofa, talking to an old nurse, who had called to visit her, in the enjoyment of her usual health, when suddenly she bent forward without groan or sigh. From that moment consciousness and sensation ceased. She was bled and leeches, and all the appliances of human skill were ably directed, but she never revived. 'The body,' writes my fair correspondent, 'remains motionless. No food is taken. The sound of breathing alone gives sign of life; the lungs act; the pulse beats: and the body, I am told, is living on itself. For seven long days has this lasted. We feel that our relative has been dead for a week! We have her body, it is true, but it is only her body that remains with us—warm, instead of cold!'"

Such a spectacle is full of interest to all; for it proves that the decay of the frame, and the ultimate distinction of life, are regulated by the same consummate skill as that which presides at the birth, and which moulds into symmetry the growth of the body.

Other modes of death there are, all, like apoplexy, referrible to the hardening process. Among these may be mentioned, as the most frequent, palsy, aneurism, angina pectoris, and dropsy. Palsy is only a minor degree of apoplexy. In angina pectoris, the process of decay is slow, and accompanied with severe suffering. The heart itself is slowly being converted into bone. As if to make amends, nature has ordained that the extinction of life here should be instantaneous and painless. The deposit of osseous matter in the interior of the heart, especially about the valves of the aorta, is an exceedingly common mode of natural decay. The immediate effect of it is to prevent that free and equitable distribution of the blood which is essential to health and life, and ultimately to bring on dropsy. Dropsy, therefore, is another of the modes of natural decay.

* Lecture delivered at St. Thomas's Hospital, 22d March, 1843, by Dr. G. Gregory. Published in the Medical Times.

† Dr. Gregory.

A second provision of nature for the extinction of life is to extend the hardening process to the organ of respiration. Air being as necessary to man's life as the blood or the nervous influence, is sometimes interrupted in its passage along the vessels for receiving and distributing it through the lungs; but in this mode of decay the structures do not simply harden, but take on certain diseased actions, which set up acute inflammation, producing bronchitis, thus putting an end to existence by shutting the air from access to the lungs. But when nature—generally so indulgent—fails to set up that bronchial inflammation, death is effected by means of exhaustion, the senses remaining entire, and even the breathing vessels to all outward appearance unimpaired; the active cause being fluid effusions from some of them, which hardly effects respiration, but exhausts the system of blood, "till the last drop in the body has been used up." Such are the chief methods of decay which result from the hardening process provided by nature to keep up a continual change in the inhabitants of the earth, by putting a period to individual existence; there are several others, but it would only interest medical readers to point them out.

SHETLAND SKETCHES.

WILLIAM AND JEAN MANSON.

The following little story of a Shetland fisherman may illustrate some of the customs of this interesting but little known portion of the community, and the incidents to which they are liable:—

William Manson was a very affectionate husband and father, though the time as yet was short during which he had sustained these endearing relations; for he had but one child, who was hardly of an age to list his name. The summer of 18— was equally and unsettled; but at length, in the end of July, a fine track of weather put all the fishermen on the alert to seize the short favourable season that remained for their perilous vocation. The rendezvous of the fishing boats is often at some miles' distance from the men's homes. There they have temporary lodges erected for their accommodation; thence they leave the land to proceed to the fishing ground, and thither their wives, or sisters, or daughters repair, to meet them each morning on their return from the sea, to learn their welfare and success, to carry them the little necessities they require, and to take back some of the fish for the family's use, the rest being delivered to the curer at the station. During the fishing season, therefore, it is only on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, or, as it is vernacularly called in the old Norse, the *Helly*, that the fisherman enjoys the comforts and endearments of his home. Among those who were never absent to greet the return of the fishing-boats, was Jean, the wife of William Manson. She was very young, and most gentle and interesting woman, devotedly attached to the companion of her life, who had been her early and only love.

It was on a very calm and lovely afternoon of the July I have mentioned, that all the boats, including that of William, took their accustomed way to the deep sea, or haaf fishing. Jean stood on the beach with her eyes fixed on her husband's skiff, till it appeared but a speck on the ocean, and then with a deep sigh swiftly turned her steps homewards, where she had left her child asleep in the care of a neighbour.

It was three in the morning when all who had husbands, sons, or brothers, in those ill-fated little barks, were awakened by a violent storm. The sea rose in a manner so tumultuous and unexpected, that many persons thought it must have been caused by a submarine earthquake. By nine o'clock, every point of the island was occupied by distracted females looking for the barks which were never to return, and weeping in helpless hopeless misery. Why repeat the too well-known tale! forty boats with their hapless crews, being a third of the whole number, were swallowed up by the devouring waves. William's boat was among the lost. It boots not now to tell the misery, the desolation, of so many hitherto happy hearths, or the hopes lingering in the mourner's hearts, which imagined forth many a dream, that some of the sufferers might have been picked up at sea, and would yet return. It was months ere these hopes were finally extinguished, and the bereaved ones learned to feel, indeed, that they were such.

The melancholy winter passed slowly away, and the month of March now arrived, when we shall take a peep at Jean's little cottage. She was seated at a cheerful fire. An infant two months old was asleep in the cradle she rocked with her foot, her other child being in bed close by. Her sister, some years older than herself, and an active, judicious, and affectionate woman, had just hung on the small pot of potatoes for supper, and now seating herself with hert knitting, looked long and anxiously in the fair but faded face of the young widow who mechanically plied the accustomed knitting needles, while a smothered sigh and a bursting tear told the anguished thoughts that occupied her mind.

"Jean," my woman, began in accents of the deepest compassion and sympathy, the affectionate sister; then, breathing a short prayer for fortitude to heaven, she proceeded in a more cheerful tone, as the poor widow raised her meek tearful eyes, and struggled for a smile of resignation; "Jean, you have borne your affliction like a Christian, while you have felt it like a wife; and, by the good help of God, you will not fail now to rouse yourself, and endeavour to do your duty to your helpless children; and think what a comfort they are and will be to you; but you know, dear Jean, that the labouring season is now come, and I ought to go to help our poor father and mother to get their voar* finished." She here paused, hardly knowing how Jean would receive this proposition; but the youthful widow had a strength of mind and purpose hardly to be expected from the extreme gentleness of her character and demeanour. "You are right, Bessy," she immediately answered. "I have been expecting this these many days, but dreaded to mention it. I know you are right. You have been my teacher and protector, Bessy, ever since I was an infant like that (pointing to the cradle), and in my distress you have been like a guardian angel; you have worked in my sickness and helplessness for my comforts, and for my children's, and it would be selfish and wrong in me to wish to keep you longer from your other duties." But here the full sense of her desolation rushing upon her, she gave way once more to a burst of uncontrollable anguish, and the sisters mingled their tears together. Jean, however, was the first again to speak. "Never mind this; you shall go, then, Bessy, to-morrow if you will; the master (landlord) has sent to tell me I may take this year's crop from the farm, and our neighbours have promised to help me to labour it; you will come and help me too, when you have done all that is needed at our father's; and as for me being alone—here she suppressed with strong effort her rising emotion—why, I have still the children, and God will be with me."

To be alone is, to a Shetland peasant in Jean's circumstances, above all things to be avoided. Superstition often bows down the spirit weakened by grief; and thus it came to pass, that Bessy's affectionate ministrations in her sister's cottage had never suffered that sister to be a night alone since her sad widowhood. Jean committed herself to rest that night, with fervent prayers to the Stay of the Widow and the Fatherless, that she might be blessed with fortitude

* "Voar" means either the act of preparing the ground and sowing the seed, or the spring season in which these operations are always accomplished.

to meet the affecting ordeal before her on the morrow. The sisters rose almost equally unrefreshed. Bessy busied herself during the forenoon in putting everything to rights about the little household; and having hung on the humble dinner, while the sun was yet but little past the meridian, she took leave of her cherished sister; we will not say they parted without tears, but each endeavoured to maintain composure for the other's sake. Sweet tie of sisterly love! how often has it soothed the saddest moments of our earthly lot! how has its sympathy enlivened our joys, and its self-denial ministered to our comforts! A fervent "God be with you" were Bessy's parting words, and Jean was alone, except for her infants; to them she turned, and braced her mind, and took comfort. In maternal cares, the afternoon passed; and as twilight drew on, more than one of Jean's neighbours stepped in to offer their assistance, or to be with her through the night; but she only asked one to milk the cow while she put her little ones to bed, and, firmly saying she did not mind being alone, she lighted her little lamp and sat down to her wheel. Can it be wondered at that a few sad and anxious thoughts at first oppressed the desolate widow? But her habitual devotional feeling soon subdued them; and having had the afternoon luxury of a little tea, she had not heart to make supper for only herself, and so occupied herself with her wheel, whose monotonous sound she almost fancied was cheerful companionship, until she thought the hour of rest was at hand, when she rose to look how high the moon was, before she should retire to her couch. She stood a few minutes at the door, her eyes fixed on the unclouded brilliancy of the lovely planet, when she heard voices approaching from the hill-side. Her cottage was separated from the road by a low grassy dike, and she presently saw several men pass close to the gate that led to the humble dwelling. Jean heaved a heartfelt sigh, for the thought instantly struck her, that these were seamen returning to glad some happy home. Two of the men passed on hastily, after a cheerful good-night; the third leaped the slight wicket, and walked swiftly towards the cottage. Jean stood in the doorway like one entranced, her breathing almost suspended, her heart beating tumultuously; one step she took forwards, so that the moon shone full on her lovely expressive face, and the young man who approached her became aware of her presence. "Jean," said he in a low thrilling voice of eager rapture. "My Willie!" exclaimed Jean, as she fell into her husband's arms. Sacred be the joy of such a moment! We shall not attempt to describe it; but who will not readily imagine that Jean was soon soothed into composure by her Willie's voice—that the father first received into his arms his yet unseen son and namesake—that he kissed his first-born without awakening him, reserving the joy of meeting his blue eyes, and trying his power of recognition, till the morning—that he poured into Jean's sympathising ear the tale of his perils and his wanderings—that she again would not pain him by telling what she had suffered, but only assured him this was the first night she had been left alone; and that, finally, the grateful pair bent in devout gratitude before the Giver of all good, blessing Him for their reunion. It will also be easily imagined how Jean appeared in the morning without the badge of widowhood—how her kind-hearted neighbours congratulated and rejoiced with her; and, above all, how Bessy and Jean wept in each other's arms the tears of overflowing joy, though they had repressed those of sorrow at their parting the day before.

Willie and some of his companions had been picked up at sea when nearly exhausted, by an outward-bound American vessel, and after much hardship and the loss of one of their number, they at length succeeded in working their way home. Letters containing the account of their safety reached their friends soon after their own arrival. The two that returned with Willie were not so fortunate as he. One found the mother of his children dead. She had been ill before he last saw her, and her anguish at his loss sunk her into the grave. The other young man, by his sudden entrance, so alarmed his mother and her neighbours, as to be productive of serious injury to them. Jean's better-regulated mind insured for her a meeting of unalloyed happiness.

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "TEXIANA," ETC. ETC.

Frankly admitting that duels of every common kind, and some of a very uncommon description also, have been written upon until the very name, when seen in print, bears very much the unsavoury character of a literary nuisance, I yet venture to add another to the number, since it may deservedly be considered the crowning fight, both for its singularity and its barbarity, of all hitherto placed on record.

The parties in this affair were Colonel — and a young man, I believe, a surgeon, whom he chanced accidentally to meet, one evening, at a liquor store.

The Colonel was a man who had acquired for himself a "first-rate" reputation as not only a dead shot with either pistol or rifle, but also as being equally *au fait* and formidable in the use of the bowie-knife. Whichever he might fight with, was a matter of perfect indifference to him—as in any one of the three cases, his antagonist generally enjoyed some three or four chances, to the colonel's one, of losing his life. Hence, few cared to receive an insult from him, or, under almost any circumstances, to offer him one. He became, in his neighbourhood (and as far as a man can become such, in that part of the world), an object at once fearful, detestable, and arrogant in the extreme. Few men but wished him killed off hand, or hoped, that at the earliest opportunity, he might find his match.

The young man, who, on the occasion I am about to relate, eventually entered the field with this uncivilized fellow, happened, neither by reputation nor in fact, to possess the horrible accomplishments of the colonel. He was a quiet, unassuming citizen, with no farther title to the character of a duellist than may attach to the majority of his fellow-men in those fighting regions.

The inn, or liquor-store, in which the scene took place stood by the forest, although an extensive patch of roughly cleared ground surrounded it, and the night of its occurrence having suddenly proved very rainy and dark, many of those who had previously assembled there were detained beyond their time, while occasional wayfarers, to avoid the storm, added to their numbers. Amongst these latter were two individuals, one of whom, before his entrance, was overheard, by some in the entrance, to say to his companion, with a fearful oath peculiar to certain people in the South—

"By —! Major, I'll raise a fight to-night, before I go!"

"No, no, colonel!" replied the other—"stop a moment. Is there any man here you have a difficulty with?"

"No—not that I know of; but what does that matter?"

"Then why go into a bar for the sake of picking a quarrel with a stranger, either to kill him or get killed yourself?"

"Kill me!—ah! ah! major, don't grind coffee on my nose!—you couldn't do it yourself! Let any man try, and the way I'll use him up shall be a caution, I tell you!"

And so saying, the colonel strode in, and made his way towards the bar, where he ordered brandy, and while drinking it, cast his eyes around upon a

respectable body of men there assembled—a body commonly called, according to this kind of classical American, “a tallish kind of a crowd.”

His general insolence of demeanour soon attracted attention, but for awhile he failed to fix upon any particular individual as his intended victim.

Meantime, his friend the major—probably another such major as he himself a colonel—was observed to address him earnestly, but in a low tone of voice, though seemingly with the intention of keeping him quiet. These efforts failed—and with more brandy came more determination. Eventually, his eye fell upon two persons, one the young man who was to be slaughtered, to whom allusion has already been made, and the other an aged one—perhaps his father. They were engaged in close private conversation, the younger of the two being then the speaker. The colonel seemed to listen attentively, and having drawn somewhat nearer, very soon exclaimed aloud—

“It is not the case!”

Many turned their heads towards the speaker, with a slight expression of surprise, as being unconscious who he was addressing; his friend, who now stood aloof, but kept his eyes upon him, beckoned him back, but in vain, while the individual really most interested in this commencement of the attack was too absorbed in his own discourse to hear, or to remark, the exclamation at all.

By and by, the colonel a second time spoke, but in a louder key—

“I say it’s false!”

On this occasion, the young man almost involuntarily looked up, and his eyes met those of the colonel, for towards him were many directed. But he seemed not yet to comprehend that his private conversation with his aged friend was alluded to. It was, therefore, immediately afterwards continued.

By this time, scarcely another voice in the room was heard—suspense as to the result, and curiosity concerning this unaccountable conduct, having produced considerable silence.

For the third time, the colonel exclaimed—

“I say it’s a lie!” and at the same instant, fixing his eyes, with an expression of perfect ferocity, upon his predetermined antagonist. Many others also looked in the same direction. The young man could no longer remain deceived. He mildly but determinedly asked—

“Is that addressed to me?”

“It is!” roared the colonel. “I say again, it’s all a lie!”

A steady look of utter contempt was the only answer he received; and he that gave it resumed his discourse as before.

Several now shrunk back, confident that a fight would ensue, and anxious to keep out of the way. Some minutes elapsed ere the intended murderer opened his lips for the fourth time, and then it was to denounce his victim as—“himself a liar and a coward!” The latter, thereupon, deliberately rose from his seat, and advancing, with the utmost apparent composure, towards his antagonist (who, probably, had no idea of such a salutation from such a man) struck him boldly in the face with his fist, and instantly fell back, to stand upon his defence with the knife.

The colonel rushed forwards, like a tiger, but his friend, the major, seized him, and all interfered to prevent the immediate effusion of blood. This being effected, a challenge was immediately given by the colonel, and accepted, and the morrow morning was proposed as the period for the meeting. To the surprise, however, of some of the bystanders, the challenged party insisted on an immediate decision, and that the combat should terminate only with life. “To kill or be killed,” said he, “is now my only alternative, and the sooner one or the other is done the better.”

On hearing this, the colonel also furiously demanded an instantaneous settlement of the affair, said his friends had no right to prevent it, and swore that if he did not conclude the business at the first shot, he would consent to stand as a target only the following two times. Both parties were, of course, by this period, highly excited. Different propositions were loudly vociferated by as many different parties present, until more than one case of “difficulty” of this kind appeared likely to be brought to its “sum total” before the morning sun. It was suggested that they should go out on to the clearing, have two blazing fires made at a proper distance, the combatants being placed between them, so that they could see each other against the light behind—or that they should fight by the blaze of pitch-pine splinters—or decide the question, at once, across a table.

In the midst of all this uproar, the young man challenged was questioned, by several of the more temperate persons present, as to his knowledge of the character and reputation enjoyed by his antagonist, the colonel. He replied that he knew nothing whatever concerning him, and had never seen him before—two facts which, in his opinion, highly aggravated the repeated and intentional insults he had received. They accordingly advised him on the subject of the colonel’s prowess, and urgently recommended him to adopt the following two courses,—to select no other weapon than the rifle, and to defer the decision until daylight. By no other arrangement could he possibly have a chance.

All was in vain, as he firmly adhered to his previously expressed determination; and equally vain were the painful and even pathetic remonstrances of his aged friend.

Reconciliation, even during the space of a few hours, being thus rendered impossible, and all the already proposed modes of fighting being rejected or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was distinctly—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his decided general advantages as a duellist—to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered as well as insulted,—and, in short, to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles ought to be agreed to:—That the landlord should give up the use of a large, empty room, that extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters or boards. That, when this was done, the duellists should be divested of every particle of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a bowie-knife,* and then be let into the room—three minutes being given, after the closing of the door, before hostilities commenced, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door.

Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? But so it was. And a tolerable party immediately proceeded up stairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight, and await its exciting result.

Savage as men’s spirits may be, such a scene of preparation as this was enough to silence, if not to awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke, but all looked curiously upon the fine muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut up each other alive.

All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed, to prevent the interior of the place from being seen by the duellists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one

* The knife would, in all probability, be held between the teeth.

of them was wept in silent bitterness, but by an involuntary action, as the young man passed out of his sight, evidently besought heaven to assist the insulted and the innocent. The door was closed. The time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred and more dollars, as to the result. According to sporting phrase, “the colonel was the favourite,” though the backers of neither one nor the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.

The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal; at the same moment all the lights on the landing and a staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room. Everybody expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose, not the remotest sound, even of a foot-step, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as it might be conjectured, of half-an-hour, or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in the continued expectation of it so long, yet when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol report—the clashing of knives, and a brief but seemingly desperate attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.

“It’s all up!” whispered one—“I’ll bet drinks for the crowd!”

“Taken!” said another—“I begin to want a julep!”

“Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!” remarked a third;—“he was a very nice young man, but he can’t come in this time!”

And thus would they have gone on, had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict hand to hand, and knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol was exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another fall.

Some individuals present were for opening the door immediately; but this proposition was overruled, on the ground that if the fight were not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other, even lying on the boards.

About half-an-hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard; and at the expiration of that period, amidst a crowd of the most horrible of anxious faces, the door was opened, and the whole party rushed in. Towards the remoter end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap like red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duellists! One lay across the other. They were taken up, and something like a distant murmur of applause followed, when it was discovered that THE COLONEL WAS UNDERMOST!

But many who best knew him spoke outright their gladness, when an examination proved that he was perfectly dead. Both bodies were so mangled, that it was next to impossible to handle them without touching the wounds.

The best of it was, however, that the conqueror of this fearful white-savage was found to be still alive. He was taken down stairs instantly, stimulants were given, and he began to revive. His body was then carefully washed; after which, being cautiously wrapped up, he was conveyed away to the nearest surgeon’s, sometime after midnight.

The room exhibited a spectacle not to be described.

The young man eventually recovered entirely from all his wounds, and was often congratulated on having rid the country of a monster whom few dared to attack.

This was not all. During his convalescence, inquiries were frequently made of him as to the mode in which the fight was managed; and he accordingly gave the following curious account, as nearly as the writer can remember:—

“When the door was closed,” said he, “we were surrounded by the most profound darkness. It seemed for some moments to confound the senses, and be close to my eyes. During the three minutes allowed before the battle might begin, my principal aim was to get away from my antagonist into another part of the room, without his knowledge, and to stand there by the wall until, perhaps, he should make some movement, by the sound of which I could be directed in my attack. The crowd outside was as still as death. I held my breath, and treading so lightly that I could not hear my own footfalls. I stole away towards that side of the room on which I entered. Whether he had calculated that I should naturally do so, and had therefore taken the same direction, nobody can now tell; but no sooner had I stood still to listen for him, than I found he was somewhere about me—I could hear his breathing. With the greatest caution and silence, I hastened to another part, expecting every moment that he would run against me, or I against him. And in this kind of manoeuvring, sometimes to get away, and sometimes to approach, if I fancied, though why I know not, that an advantage might be gained, the greatest part of this silent half hour you speak of was spent.

“At length, having safely reached the opposite side, I stood still, resolved not to move again until he either approached, having perhaps found me out, or by some means or other I could discover his position in the room. Having now got beyond his reach, I felt that to be motionless on my part was the wisest step; and calculated that his passion and fury would soon lead him on to the exhibition of less caution. Nothing of the kind occurred, and yet the first ball discharged was mine. A mouse could have been heard to stir; but we were perfectly lost to each other.

“Eventually, whether my eyes had become more accommodated to the blackness, or from whatever cause, but true enough it is, I perceived a pair of eyes on the other side nearly opposite mine. They shone like those of a hyena in the night. I fired instantly, and rushed forward. The flash shewed me the colonel crouched down against the wall, and must equally have directed him to me. He fired as he advanced, but missed. We were almost close together. The empty pistols were thrown down, and the knives used. He rushed on with great ferocity, and tried to grapple with me, but I slipped out of his arms; and for an instant, being quite separated, both stood still, listening for the place of the other. I think he must have heard me, for he fired a second time with such effect as you all have seen. Nothing but his knife now remained; I had knife and pistol. We were so close together that he was upon me almost as soon as his pistol-ball. The latter staggered me a little at the moment, but I met him with the knife, and from that time we never separated again. My object was to keep him from closing upon me, until I could be as certain as darkness would permit of using my last ball to advantage. In consequence of that, I retreated in various ways, both still fighting, sometimes on the open floor, and sometimes knocking ourselves with violence against the wall.

"I was growing faint. I found my strength failing, and then I fired my second pistol. The light instantly made, shewed both men redder than the Indian in the field of battle. I heard that he staggered, and rushed with all my strength upon him. He still fought a little, but suddenly dropped before me, and more than that I do not know."

Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. Should it be said that he met with a romancer, in that case, his only hope is that he may meet with another such every day of his life; though his firm and well-founded belief is, that all the details are perfectly true.

FAREWELL TO MY AULD SHOON.

Fareweel my gude auld roosty shoon!
Ye ha' grown poor an' thin,
An' time it is that I maun choose
A neuk to stow ye in.

Yes, I'll put ye fa' awa' frae care,
Where nane will dare to steer,
Where frosts an' snaws, an' winter air
Will never think to spier.

Shelfed, cozy, near the ingle-side,
By the fire's kindly blaze,
Let winter howl, ye can deride,
An' quietly toast yer taes.

An' watch the lyart wimplin' smoke
That swires an' eddies up,
Or listen to the gleefu' joke
That passes wi' the cup.

Fareweel my roosty shoon to ye,
We baith grow aulder fast,
But skelpin we ha'e lived to see
The footsteps o' the past.

But now auld friens once mair farewell,
Lie snugly in yer hole,
We a' maun wear down at the heel,
We baith, friens, ha' a soul.

Po'keepsie.

J. J. C.

THE CORNISH MINER.

"The employment of the miner is very liable to accident; he has not only to descend to his labour, and to ascend after it is over, every eight hours, but he has to traverse levels at a great depth below the surface before he reaches his place of work; and so deep are the mines, that it frequently costs an hour to reach the surface after his labour is done. Few have an idea of the magnitude of a Cornish mine of the more extensive kind; but some notion may be formed of the vastness of the workings, when we state that those of the Consolidated Mines alone extend 63 miles under ground, or 55,000 fathoms. The ascent and descent are by ladders, which were formerly perpendicular to the sides of the mine, and fifty feet long; but as the mines have been worked deeper, the ladders have been shortened to half that length, and placed as sloping as possible, to ease the miner, whose weight is thus rendered more dependent upon his feet than it was before, and less upon his hands." Notwithstanding the great inconveniences of working much below ground, the Cornish miner is by no means an abject being. In Cornwall, the miners link together the different labouring classes; and the farm-labourer often imbibes, from mingling with the miners and fishermen, a spirit and acuteness akin to a sense of independence, not observed in the rustic of other counties. The miner is generally possessed of personal courage in a very eminent degree. At least one-third of the crew of Captain Pellew's (Lord Exmouth's) ship, that fought the gallant action with the Cleopatra French frigate, the first naval action last war, were Cornish miners, who had never been at sea in a ship before; and almost all on board were fellow-countrymen of Pellew. Indeed courage is required in many situations in which the miner is placed. Thus, at Botallack mine, at the extreme west of the county, a few miles from the Land's End, and close to Cape Cornwall, a shore lashed by the full fury of the Atlantic, the workings are upon the verge of the cliff, and, descending beneath the sea, are carried out 480 feet beyond low-water mark; and in some places not eighteen feet is left between the workings and the sea. At every flux and reflux of the tide, the waves are heard breaking in thunder over head; wonderfully high as they run, and tremendously loud as they roar, from over an ocean hundreds of leagues broad; the large pieces of stone rolled backward and forward on the beach during a storm can be distinctly heard above, grating 'harsh thunder.' Several parts of the lode being rich, were followed to within a few feet of the water, when in stormy weather the noise became so tremendous, that the miners, intrepid as they are, deserted their labour once or twice, lest the sea should break in upon them. The nature of the work of the Cornish miner may be further estimated from the fact of the shafts alone of one mine being together twenty miles in depth beneath the surface, and some 1652 feet deep, or nearly five times the height of St. Paul's from the cross to the ground, or 340 feet. The 'Great Adit,' cut from side to side of the county, measures more than thirty miles, including its branches; and in some parts it is 400 feet below the surface of the ground. The largest branch of this adit is five and a-half miles, and it opens into the sea above high-water mark at Restronget creek. This is tunnelling of some character, and evinces abundantly the perseverance, ingenuity, and hazardous nature of these undertakings, as well as the character of those who plan and carry them into effect.

The Botallack mine at St. Just is not the only stupendous undertaking, a part of the workings of which Cornwall exhibits, or has exhibited, above ground. We have mentioned the Carclaze tin mine, worked for 400 years open to the day. Near Penzance there was an extraordinary undertaking, called the Wherry mine, of which the mouth opened in the sea; the mine was commenced 720 feet from the shore, and the miners worked 100 feet beneath. A steam engine was erected on the shore, which communicated by rods with the shaft, and so pumped up the water. The rods passed by the side of a platform or wherry, tilted upon piles. A vessel in a storm was once driven against the platform, and carried away a portion of it. The upper part of the shaft consisted of a caisson, which rose twelve feet above the ocean level, and stood in the midst of the mound of rubbish excavated from the mine, the miners descending through the sea to their labour, the water continually dropping from the roof of the mine, and the roar of the waves being distinctly perceptible below. The undertaking was adventurous beyond example, and was ultimately given up from the expense exceeding the profit. The ore raised was tin, some of which was mingled with pyritous copper, and a portion of it was of very good quality."

"England in the Nineteenth Century."

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE AMERICAN EXCAVATOR.

The *Railway Times* contains the following account of a machine which is now at work on a portion of the Eastern Counties Railway: "Rumour has informed us, that in America an excavator on railways worked by steam existed, which could perform the labour per day, in getting and filling, of 100 men, and could, in ordinary soils, excavate 1,000 cubic yards per day. It was reported to us that such a machine had arrived in this country, and that it was to be seen at work upon a bank of stiff clay adjoining the Eastern Counties line, near Brentwood; and we proceeded on Tuesday last to the spot. It is impossible in adequate terms to express our gratification at the visit. The machine is a giant navigator, equal in its powers to many gangs of men. It is far from perfect, and can obviously be improved by the mechanical skill of England in several respects. But as it stands and works, it is a mighty, gigantic, and splendid operator. It was the remark of a contractor of the first eminence and experience in this country, before it worked, that he could say nothing as to its competency until he saw whether it lifted its earth with ease, and emptied it with equal facility into the wagon, and imitated closely the action of a man labouring with his compliant shovel. When it did operate, he confessed himself thunderstruck, and admitted that it lifted and filled with perfect ease nearly a yard and a half cubic of stiff clay in about the same space of time as a labourer would lift and fill a foot cubic. In this admission we unhesitatingly state that nothing is exaggerated, and we hail with pleasure the introduction of this powerful engine amongst the public works of this country and of Europe. It is undeniable that its effects upon railway-making, and even upon the construction and improvement of common roads, and upon every species of excavation for canals, docks, and harbours, will be extraordinary and gratifying. The cost of these undertakings will be lessened in some earthworks probably one-half; and hence we may expect that many railway and other communications will be made where at present the cost of manual labour is a positive prohibition against any attempt at their construction."

THE PHENOMENA OF NATURAL AND OF HYPNOTIC SLEEP.

In passing into common sleep, objects are perceived more and more faintly, the eyelids close, and remain quiescent, and all the other organs of special sense become gradually blunted, and cease to convey their usual impressions to the brain, the limbs become flaccid from cessation of muscular tone and action, the pulse and respiration become slower, the pupils are turned upwards and inwards, and are contracted (Müller). In the hypnotic state, induced with the view of exhibiting what I call the hypnotic phenomena, vision becomes more and more imperfect, the eyelids are closed, but have for a considerable time a vibratory motion (in some few they are forcibly closed, as by spasm of the orbiculars); the organs of special sense, particularly of smell, touch, and hearing, heat and cold, and resistance, are greatly exalted, and afterwards become blunted, in a degree far beyond the torpor of natural sleep; the pupils are turned upwards and inwards, but, contrary to what happens in natural sleep, they are greatly dilated, and highly insensible to light; after a length of time, the pupils become contracted, whilst the eyes are still insensible to light. The pulse and respiration are, at first, slower than in natural, but immediately on calling muscles into action, a tendency to cataleptic rigidity is assumed, with rapid pulse, and oppressed and quick breathing. The limbs are thus maintained in a state of tonic rigidity for any length of time I have yet thought it prudent to try, instead of that state of flaccidity induced by common sleep; and the most remarkable circumstance is this, that there seems to be no corresponding state of muscular exhaustion from such action. In passing into natural sleep, any thing held in the hand is soon allowed to drop from our grasp; but, in the artificial sleep now referred to, it will be held more firmly than before falling asleep. This is a very remarkable difference. The power of balancing themselves is so great that I have never seen one of these hypnotic somnambulist fall. This is a remarkable fact, and would appear to occur in this way, that they acquire the centre of gravity, as if by instinct in the most natural, and therefore in the most graceful manner; and if allowed to remain in this position, they speedily become cataleptiformly and immovably fixed. From observing these two facts, and the general tendency and taste for dancing displayed by most patients on hearing lively music during hypnotism, the peculiarly graceful and appropriate movement of many when thus excited, and the varied and elegant postures they may be made to assume by slight currents of air, and the faculty of retaining any position with so much ease, I have hazarded the opinion, that the Greeks may have been indebted to hypnotism for the perfection of their sculpture, and the Fakirs for their wonderful feats of suspending their bodies by a leg or an arm. It thus clearly appears that it differs from common sleep in many respects, that there is first a state of excitement as with opium, and wine, and spirits, and afterwards a state of corresponding deep depression or torpor.

Mr. Braid's Neurology.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

It seems ridiculous to talk of the court of Oliver Cromwell, who had so many severe matters to attend to in order to keep himself on his throne; but he had a court, nevertheless; and, however jealously it was watched by the most influential of his adherents, it grew more courtly as his protectorate advanced; and must always have been attended with a respect which Charles knew not sufficiently how to insure, and James not at all. Its dinners were not very luxurious, and the dishes appear to have been brought in by the heavy gentlemen of his guard. In April, 1654, we read of the "grey coats" of the gentlemen, with "black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimmings;"—a very sober effort at elegance. Here his daughters would pay him visits of a morning, fluttering betwixt pride and anxiety; and his mother sit with greater feelings of both, starting whenever she heard a noise: flocks of officers came to a daily table, at which he would cheerfully converse; and now and then ambassadors or the parliament were feasted; and in the evening, perhaps after a portion of a sermon from his highness, there would be the consciousness of a princely presence, and something like a courtly joy. In the circle Waller himself was to be found (making good the doubts of "Sacharissa"); and Lord Broghill, the friend of Suckling, who refused to join him; and Lady Carlisle, growing old, but still setting her beauty spots at the saints; and Richard Cromwell, her apparent, whom Dick Ingoldsby is forcing to die with laughter, though severe Fleetwood is looking that way; and the future author of "Paradise Lost" talking Italian with the envoys from the Appenines; and Marvel, his brother secretary, chuckling to hear from the Swedish ambassador the proposal of a visit from Queen Christina; and young Dryden, bashfully venturing in under the wing of his uncle, Sir Gilbert Pickering, the chamberlain. There was sometimes even a concert; Cromwell's love of music prevailing against the un-angelic denunciations of it from the pulpit. The protector would also talk of his morning's princely diversion of hunting; or converse with his daughters and the foreign ambassadors, some of which latter had that day paid their

respects to the former, as to royal personages, on their arrival in England; or if the evening were that of a christening or a marriage, or other festive solemnity, his highness, not choosing to forget the rough pleasures of his youth, and combining, perhaps, with the recollection something of an hysterical sense of his present wondrous condition, would think it not unbecoming his dignity to recall the days of King James, and bedaub the ladies with sweetmeats, or pelt the heads of his brother generals with the chair cushions. Nevertheless, he could resume his state with an air that inspired the pencil of Peter Lely beyond its fopperies; and Mazarin at Paris trembled in his chair to think of it.

Edinburgh Review.

CAUSES OF THE UNHEALTHINESS OF LARGE TOWNS.

More than one cause may be assigned for this marked difference in the mortality of town and country districts; but the one great cause, which in its operation seems to absorb all others, is the vitiation of the atmosphere of towns; to effect which a number of agencies are constantly at work. By the mere action of the lungs of the inhabitants of Liverpool, for instance, a stratum of air sufficient to cover the entire surface of the town, to the depth of three feet, is daily rendered unfit for the purposes of respiration. If to this we add, the changes caused by the products of combustion from forges, furnaces, and other fires, mingling with the atmosphere (to say nothing of the enormous quantity of gas, oil, and candles nightly consumed in large towns), and by the escape of gaseous effluvia from manufactories of different kinds, we shall have enumerated the principal sources of the unavoidable vitiation of the air of towns. But it must be remembered, that wherever large masses of the community are congregated together, there is a proportionally large amount of vegetable and animal refuse produced, which, in the process of decay, gives out various gases prejudicial to health, and whose effects will be proportioned to the more or less immediate removal of the matter, or to the attention given to its being so disposed of, as to prevent the escape of the gases into the general atmosphere. Further, it has been observed that where a poor population is densely crowded, a kind of poisonous matter, of a highly contagious character is generated in the system, affecting with typhus and other fevers, not only those in whom it first originates, but spreading with rapidity, amid such a population, from individual to individual, from house to house, and from street to street. Could the atmosphere in such localities, be renewed from time to time, the evil would be diminished; but from the high value of land in the larger towns, which are the seats of industry, from the desire on the part of builders and landlords to secure the most profitable investments for their money, and neglect of hygienic principles, the dwellings of the poor have been constructed with the most notorious inattention to the means necessary to secure an efficient ventilation, either in the houses themselves, or in the courts and streets inhabited by the working classes.

Dr. W. H. Duncan on the Physical Causes of the High Rate of Mortality in Liverpool

THE FUNCTION OF ORGANIZATION IN PLANTS.

The very commonest occupations of the garden and the field—watering, pruning, transplanting, &c. &c. ought all to be considered with reference to this important function, in order that a correct judgment may be obtained on the best modes of carrying on these operations. I will, however, just venture one or two remarks, by way of suggestion, on points of practical interest. Since the amount of exhalation depends upon the supply of water introduced at the root, it seems to be a plain deduction of common sense (until some stout practitioner shall produce his strong reasons for refuting it) that all who water their plants should apply the water immediately to the root, and in good doses—and not to the herbage, and in small sprinklings only: unless where it is necessary to clean the leaves. It is true, indeed, that the whole tissue of plants is capable of imbibing moisture, and so the leaves will be refreshed, and look well satisfied immediately after they have been wetted, though the root itself may not have been watered; but this only produces an undue stimulus, inviting them to an activity which, unless it can be sustained by a sufficiently supply in the right direction will soon cause the leaf to become exhausted, wither, and die. A similar effect is produced, when the botanist brings home the plants he has obtained in his rambles, in that peculiar description of tin box which he dignifies with the classic name of a Vaseculum, and then straps it across his shoulders to the admiring ridicule of country gazers. If his plants were quite dry when gathered, even though they seem to be half faded on being taken out of the vaseculum, they may readily be revived on being placed in water; but if they were gathered in the wet or were wetted in the box, however fresh they may look when first taken out, they will soon fade afterwards. Light being the great stimulus to these vital functions, this sufficiently accounts for (what every one is well aware of) the propriety of temporarily shading plants when their roots have been weakened by transplanting; because they cannot then imbibe the moisture with sufficient rapidity to supply the requisite discharge at the leaves.

Professor Henslow.

WATER AND WINE.

HENRY QUATRE AND THE PROVOST OF PARIS.—The king had appointed the Swiss ambassadors, whereof there were many in commission, to be lodged in the city, and that plenty of the best wines should be provided for them. The ambassadors having lain long upon the Parisians, and drunk daily very deep, and being at last dismissed, the provost made an humble remonstrance to the king, how the city had so long time winned the Swiss ambassadors, and their numerous retinue, which put her in some arrears; therefore he humbly prayed, in the name of the city, that his majesty would be pleased to give leave that a small tax might be laid for a while upon the water pipes and cisterns of fresh water, for the discharge of those arrears for wine, &c. The king pleasantly answered, *Ventre de Saint Gris*, there must be some other way found out to do this; for *'tous ont Saviour only that could turn water into wine, therefore he would not presume to attempt it.*

Howell's Londonopolis.

THE "OVERDONE."

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

It was a fine morning in May,—the avenues leading to the London Bridge Wharf were thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, and the pavement on both sides crowded with gaily-dressed parties, carrying umbrellas, cloaks, and parasols, and sundry baskets and bundles, stored with well-replenished bottles and sandwiches, preparatory to a day's pleasure at Gravesend.

A lumbering hackney-coach came rattling and rumbling down the remnant of Fish-street Hill. When within a few yards of the gates which lead to the wharf, a sugar-waggon, laden with hogsheads, drew across the road, followed by an alarming tail of brewers' drays. Jarvey pulled up, and sat unconcernedly on his box to await the passing of the formidable train,—at the same moment the bell ceased.

A man, about forty, with a reddish face, and scanty whiskers, with his hair in stiff curl, a white neckerchief tied stranglingly about his neck, a Marseilles

waistcoat, and blue coat and yellow buttons, thrust half his body out of the window, exclaiming,

"Dear me! how very vexatious! we shall certainly loose the boat!"

The speaker then opened the coach-door, and proceeded to hand out his wife and two children. Having paid the fare, he managed, with some difficulty, to thread his way through the phalanx of unwieldy carriages. When they arrived, almost out of breath, at the stairs, the accommodation-steps had been craned up, the boat was unmoored, and, by the nearest chance in the world, the little party were enabled to scramble over the fore-part of the vessel, and gain the deck. After settling themselves in a comfortable seat, and making sundry curious observations upon all the animate and inanimate things about them, and trying to make the children sit still, they were "steamed" on to Blackwall, without anything particular occurring to mar the pleasure of the aquatic excursion.

John Binns was a man of business. For five-and-twenty years he had been in the service of Messrs. Thwaites, Jenks, and Thwaites. He had commenced his career in their counting-house when a mere boy, and, by his assiduity and attention, had attained to the responsible situation of confidential clerk. His salary was ample, his wife good-humoured and thrifty, and few could really boast of more mundane happiness and contentment than John Binns and his wife.

Mrs. Binns having gone below, or, as she expressed it, "down stairs," with the children, to procure them some biscuits and milk and water, and arrange her bonnet, &c., in the ladies' cabin, John in the mean time lolled over the side of the vessel, "whistling for want of thought," and watching the bubbling wake of the rapid steamer as it ploughed the water. Every object was one of novelty to the untravelled clerk; and it was not until they cleared the Pool that the chaos and tumult of his brain settled into a placid calm and dreaminess.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Binns, involuntarily, "what's that?"

"That's a porpoise, sir," replied a young man, who was smoking a cigar at his elbow.

"A porpoise—dear me!—what, so near home? How curious!" remarked Binns, in astonishment. "Well, I never thought to see a porpoise."

"I dare say they appear strange to you, sir," continued the young man, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "I remember how surprised I was when I first saw a shark in the West Indies, when I was a youngster. There was a sailor lying dead on board, and there was a whole shoal of the hungry monsters swimming about the ship, like so many mutes at a funeral, waiting for the body."

"How horrible!"

"Will you take a cigar, sir?" continued the speaker, handing his case, without noticing the horror of Binns.

"No, thank'ye," said Binns; "I never smoke till after dinner, and then I prefer a cool pipe."

Binns, however, notwithstanding his rejection of the other's polite offer, was not insensible to his politeness, and he was really possessed of so much information concerning the different places they passed, and all other topics on which Binns was totally ignorant, that he soon succeeded in ingratiating himself in his favour. Having learned, too, that he was, as well as himself, a "clerk in London gay," and in the service of large shipping agents in the city, Binns soon became quite friendly and confidential. There was only one thing which rather militated against strict propriety and decorum in the estimation of the old-fashioned clerk:—when he mentioned the name of the firm in whose service he had the honour to be retained, the young man appeared quite familiar with the names of the partners, and spoke of old Thwaites, and his nephew, Sam Thwaites, and Jenny Jinks, as if he were personally acquainted with them, and like one of an equal and intimate footing, which sounded somewhat harshly upon the ear of the unsophisticated Binns, who habitually looked upon his staunch and respectable governor as the greatest man, at least in the mercantile world. The nonchalance, and off-hand manner of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr,—for such, he informed Binns, was his designation,—soon obliterated every idea of any intended rudeness on his part.

"The manners of the young men of the present age," thought Binns, "are very different from those which were considered gentlemanly in my youth,"—and drew the charitable conclusion that he must rather blame the fashion of the times than the man for any discrepancy.

Mrs. Binns now joined her husband, and an introduction took place. Mr. Burr bowed very politely, and linked himself in with the family-party with all the ease and assurance of an old friend. The children, too, were delighted with him; for he ran up and down the deck, and danced with them to the sound of the music. Mrs. Binns began to like him; for it must be confessed that, at first sight she was a "little" surprised at the uncouth companion her husband had "picked up" so suddenly. For women are naturally very cautious, and much less approachable than men in this respect.

Neither the garb nor natural endowments of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr were prepossessing. He was tall and straight, it is true; but his habits were shabby-genteel, and his appearance slovenly. But, so true it is that manners make the man, that his personal appearance was speedily lost sight of; for his assiduity and attention, his information, and, we must confess, his impudence, so effectually insinuated themselves, that it was no easy thing to shake him off, when he had once established an acquaintance.

"Where do you dine?" said he, abruptly.

"I have been recommended by Timms to the Pier Hotel," replied Binns.

"The Tivoli for my money," rejoined Burr. "A delightful garden for the lady and children to run about in,—and music during the dinner. Take my advice, and go there."

"Very well," said the acquiescent Binns; "I have no choice; and, being a perfect stranger, shall be glad to put myself under your guidance. What do you say, my dear?" addressing his rib. "Shall we go to the Tivoli?"

"With all my heart," answered Mrs. Binns; and so the point was decided.

The handsome new pier now hove in sight, crowded with loungers and visitors. The vessel "wheeled" about, and they were very soon alongside the landing-barges.

"Get your tickets ready," cried the man on the paddle-box; and there was a general grasping of band-boxes, umbrellas, and carpet-bags, and all the passengers rushed from below, and huddled in a dense mass to the gangway.

"Binns!" said Mr. Burr, "will you take my bag, and I'll escort Mrs. Binns and the children? Give me their tickets."

"How kind!" thought the unsuspecting Binns, delivering the bits of paper, and overlooking the startling familiarity of his new acquaintance.

They were soon up the stairs, and elbowing their way along the planks of the crowded pier. Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr soon distanced Mr. Binns, and had passed the gates, when the latter was stopped, having to change half-a-crown to pay for the parcel.

Binns kept his wife's feathers in view, and followed his party up the High

Street, loudly repeating "No! no!" to all the applications of the drivers of the "Chatham and Rochester" coaches.

Away they trudged up Parrock Place, on their way to the famous Windmill Hill, poor Binns "lugging" along the bag; but, so elated was he with the pleasure afforded by the prospect, that he forgot he was doing porters' work. Mrs. Binns was in ecstasies, and the children chatted away, and asked a thousand innocent questions, and their companion was "so pleasant!" At last they reached the spot so eloquently described by their friendly guide. A spruce waiter, with napkin in hand, received them at the door, and relieved Mr. Binns of his luggage. The waiter smiled a "recognition" at Mr. Burr, who was well known, having frequently been there with parties before, and receiving from him an intimation that he intended to take a bed at the Tivoli, vanished up stairs with his bag. Holiday folks, in two's and three's, were already making for the dining-room; the music was playing most invitingly, and Binns and his wife were not less delighted than amazed. The lofty room, the elevated bar, and the smart *limonadiere*,—the crowd of well-dressed, good-looking "ordinary" guests, silenced the prattle of the children to a quiet shyness, and perfectly abashed their parents. Nothing, however, could possibly put Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr out of countenance; he nodded familiarly to the host, and thrust himself and party as near the head of the table as possible. The clatter of knives and forks and the ringing of plates commenced, and Mr. Burr ordered about the attentive waiters with as much *sang-froid*, as if he and his party were the only guests to be attended to in the room.

The repast being at length despatched, during which Mr. Burr contrived to consume as much as his four friends, and drink the "lion's share" of the two bottles of Dublin stout ordered for the "lot," he arose from the table, followed by the eyes of Binns, who really felt uncomfortable at being left among so many strangers, and then, deliberately mounting the steps leading to the bar, he remained for some time chatting with the lady, while Binns was called upon to pay the reckoning.

"That gentleman is of your party, sir?" inquired the waiter, pointing to Mr. Burr.

"No," replied Binns. "Oh, yes! yes!" recollecting himself; and the confused and good-natured clerk paid the reckoning for the whole party.

"Now for the garden," said their excellent guide, advancing, and offering his arm to Mrs. Binns. "Do me the honour to accept my arm, and I will show you the 'Lions.'"

He made no allusion to the payment made by Binns for the dinner, and the worthy old clerk attributed his forgetfulness on this head to his anxiety to procure them pleasure.

After taking them about the grounds, and seating Binns in a comfortable arbour, with his pipe and glass of half-and-half, he proceeded with Mrs. Binns to fulfil a promise he had made to the children; and, having placed his juvenile charges on a couple of donkeys, gave them a ride as far as the "Old Prince of Orange," and back again, permitting the lady to pay the "carriage" while he lifted off the delighted little creatures.

Leaving them to gambol on the green under the surveillance of their happy mother, he drew out his cigar-case, and hob-and-nobbed with Binns, drinking at least five tumblers of "stiff" brandy-and-water, amusing his "friend," with his travels and adventures abroad and at home. But the most pleasant moments are ever the fleetest, and Binns's chronometer warned him that it was time to depart.

The moderate "excess" he had committed rendered him rather "moony;" but his heart was open, and he was so much gratified by the condescending politeness of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, that, notwithstanding the latter firmly insisted upon the "Yorkshire fashion" of settling for the copious libations they had made, Binns would not listen to it, and Mr. Burr politely yielded.

As there was no time to lose, they made the best of their way through Windmill Street to the pier, and soon lost their identity in the many-coloured mass which was wending towards the vessel.

Some beautiful pink conches attracted the eye of Mrs. Binns as they trudged along, and she would fain have purchased them for the adornment of her parlour mantel-shelf.

"These people want too much for them," said the sagacious Mr. Burr. "I can procure bushels of them from the sailors on board the ships where my business carries me. If you really desire to possess a set, allow me the pleasure of presenting them to you on my return to London."

Mrs. Binns thankfully accepted the offer, and gave him the address of the house at Camberwell. After a hurried adieu on board, Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr ran up the stairs, and, placing himself on a conspicuous situation on the pier, continued to wave his four-and-ninepenny "gossamer hat" till they were out of sight. Binns was delighted; he had never spent such a day—nor so much money in one trip—before. Four or five days after this memorable holiday, Binns returned from the city, wearied and worn out with a long and arduous day's work.

He approached his house, and beheld with astonishment that the holland blind of his best parlour was drawn down, and illuminated with the light of candles burning within. He began to think that he had mistaken the house, when the sound of a triangle, formed by a poker and keys, and boisterous voices of his children in all the glee of a disorderly romp, struck with an unwelcome harshness upon his ear. The sweet vision of a cool pipe and tankard, which had so invitingly floated in his imagination as he trudged along, vanished into "thin air" in a moment.

With a palpitating heart he beat a timed rat-tat at his own door.

"Who is in the parlour, Mary?" inquired he fearfully, as the girl stood with the unclosed door in her hand.

Before she could answer his query, the kitchen-door at the extremity of the narrow passage was thrown open, and Mrs. Binns appeared, with a huge pan of lamb-chops sputtering and hissing in one hand, and a fork in the other.

"John, my dear," cried she, "how late you are to-night. There's our friend, Mr. Burr, has been here this three hours. Take off your things, and go into the parlour to him, while I prepare the supper, and the girl runs for the beer."

"Mr. Burr!" said poor, weary Mr. Binns, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear; he was so kind as to bring them shells he promised me himself."

Her husband then, disencumbering himself of his coat and hat, entered the noisy parlour.

"Binns, my dear boy," familiarly exclaimed Mr. Burr, without rising from his seat at the table, whereon a huge tumbler of brandy-and-water was smoking. "Binns, what a slave you are to business! Those old-fashioned governors of yours are really unconscionable, to keep a man of your years stuck to the desk so many hours."

"A man of your years" jarred rather coarsely upon the drum of Mr. Binns's ears; but he grasped the extended paw of the impertinent intruder upon his do-

mestic quiet. Even the effrontery of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr failed to affect his natural feelings of politeness and hospitality.

He thanked him for his kind remembrance of Mrs. Binns, and after a cheering glass, recovered his wonted equanimity; and the conversation soon became interesting in the handling of his adroit visitor. They naturally referred to the day's pleasure they had enjoyed at Gravesend, and were in excellent order by the time Mrs. Binns had completed her culinary operations. Mary took away the reluctant children, and put them to bed, while Mrs. Binns busied herself in laying the cloth.

"Really, Mrs. Binns," observed the visitor, "I am afraid you make a stranger of me. I wish you would treat me as one of the family; and not put yourself out of the way, on any account."

Pipes and grog followed the supper, and Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr confessed he began to prefer a pipe to a cigar; whether in compliment to the predilection of his host, or because it cost him nothing, it would be invidious to determine; but, certain it is, he smoked, and drank, and talked away until a late hour, and even then parted most reluctantly, he said, from his kind entertainers. Binns, who had been completely forced out of his usual sphere, and kept out of his bed two hours beyond his usual time, was very fractious and pettish, and hammered the coals in the kitchen-grate in a most savage manner, instead of quietly raking it out, as was his custom.

The worthy man really felt under some obligation to Mr. Burr for the politeness he had exercised towards them in a land of strangers; but certainly considered he had balanced the account by "franking" him upon the day in question. Their habits, manners, and opinions were too essentially different ever to harmonise together. Binns sensibly felt that there was no sympathy between them, or as he expressed it, that they could never "mix."

The free-and-easy youth, however, was not to be put off so easily; and Mr. Binns actually turned pale, and trembled, when on the following Sunday morning a loud rat-tat-tat at the door was followed by the announcement of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr.

Binns had no time to collect his scared and scattered thoughts before his visitor entered the room, as cool and collected as a snowball, shook hands with Mrs. Binns, patted the children, and greeted them all in the most approved manner.

"I hope I have not put you out?" said Mr. Burr, laying his hat upon the sideboard, and drawing a chair to the verge of the table.

"O! not at all!" replied Mrs. Binns. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Rather too early for me," replied the visitor; "I am going to pass the day with Jenkinson, at Peckham." What a relief was this intimation to poor Binns. "But a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and, as I may, probably, be too late for his hot water, I will take a cup of your excellent tea, for you do brew it most admirably, Mrs. Binns, I must say."

Mr. Burr drank cup after cup; and after an hour's conversation, or rather monologue, for neither Binns nor his wife felt competent to sustain a part, he took his leave, with an expression of regret that he could not finish the day with them; he really never felt so much at home as in their agreeable society.

Binns, first pulling aside the blind, and the cautiously peeping, to ascertain that his tormentor had actually crossed the road, turned about and resolutely exclaimed:

"I must and will put an end to this."

A few days after this occurrence he was startled from his ledger by the entrance of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, who marched directly up to his desk, and calling him aside, pulled out a ragged pocket-book, and produced a bill for fifty pounds, at six months' date.

"Do you ever do anything in this way?" said he; "the bill's as good as the Bank. Jenkinson's acceptance and drawn by myself. The fact is, we have jointly entered into a spec., which requires a little ready cash; and it will produce such a profit that we can afford a good commission. What do you say? As you are a friend, I offer the chance."

"I am really much obliged to you," said Binns, who had looked upon the security with the eye of a man of business; "but my employers are very particular, and would be extremely offended should such a transaction come to their knowledge. My inclination must, therefore, yield to my interest."

"Well, you know best," replied Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, putting up the "kite." "I would not press the thing for the world. I know fifty people who will jump at it."

Mr. Burr then adroitly turned the conversation, and shortly wished his dear friend good morning.

The next time Mr. Binns beheld the now dreaded and repulsive physiognomy of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, was one evening in the crowded and bustling multitude which night and morning throng Gracechurch Street. He had sufficient presence of mind to accept the welcome invitation of the "cad" of a Camberwell stage, and leaping in, ensconced himself snugly in the corner. But, scarcely had he spread his coat-tails carefully in his lap, for fear of creasing the cloth, when the door was thrown open, and the "cad," with the assurance that they were going in two minutes, ushered in the identical object of his aversion.

"What! Binns, is it you?" Burr exclaimed with apparent surprise. "How do you do, my friend, and dear Mrs. Binns, and the little ones how are they? It seems an age since I had the pleasure of seeing you; but I assure you I have been so overboard and ears in business of my own for the last fortnight, that I have not had a moment to call my own!"

Here was certainly a "spell" for an invitation; but Binns resolutely kept on the defensive. He then thrust his head out of the window, and bawled out, "Don't forget Manor Place!"

"Manor Place!" exclaimed Mr. Burr. "What, have you removed?"

"No," replied Binns, inwardly chuckling at the sudden manœuvre which had occurred to him to rid himself of his tormentor; "but I have some private business to transact with a friend."

"Shall you be long?" inquired the persevering Burr.

"An hour, or more, perhaps," said Binns.

Excuse my impertinence, my dear fellow; but I did intend to surprise Mrs. Binns, and take a dish of tea with you in a family way."

"I'm very sorry," began Binns.

"Don't mention it," interrupted the imperturbable bore; "I shall just be in time for Jenkinson's bohea, and—"

The coach stopped, and Mr. Binns was out in a jiffy.

"—And," continued his persecutor, "I shall just drop in as I return and blow a cloud with you."

"Very well," muttered Binns, feeling very much like a mouse which in drawing its head from the trap, is suddenly caught by the neck! Binns did call upon his friend in Manor Place, and then sauntered sullenly homewards, forming a thousand resolutions to shake off this impertinent intruder.

But the cool effrontery of Mr. Burr invariably overcame his moral courage,

and undermined his resolution. The nearer he approached his house, the more sensibly did he feel his firmness giving way. At last he came to the determination to order a chain to be put upon the door, and boldly to deny himself.

He rapped with unusual vehemence at the door, as if impatient to commune with Mrs. Binns, and arrange for the "barriade." The maid answered the summons.

"Where's your mistress?"

"In the parlour, sir."

He strode along the passage to open the parlour-door, when the loud voice of a man struck upon his ear.

"Who's with her?" demanded he, turning abruptly upon the maid.

"The gentleman, sir, what brought them shells to-day?"

Binns almost dropped upon the door-mat. A malignant fate seemed to pursue him; for, as he afterwards learned, Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr had met his friend Jenkinson going to town, and had, therefore, returned with him as far as Binns's house, where he had coolly taken his place in the family-circle, informing Mrs. Binns, to her surprise, that he had left her husband midway; that he would not be at home for an hour or two, and that he had invited *him* to make an evening of it.

Mr. Burr was as easy and facetious, and as much "at home" as ever, and told such "funny stories" and anecdotes about the black fellows in the West Indies, that Mr. and Mrs. Binns were fain to laugh even against the grain. In fact, they were always both inclined to make the best of everything; and, as Mr. Burr was there, what could they do?

The brandy was rather low; but their accommodating friend had, really "no choice," and, taking out the liqueur-bottle filled up to the neck with "Booth's best," he asked Mrs. Binns for hot water, lemons, and sugar, and brewed an excellent bowl of "gun twist," which was so insinuating and so potent, that, what with smoking, and what with the effect of this unusual beverage, poor Binns' head turned completely round, and he could scarcely reach his bed after seeing the "collected" Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr to the door.

The next morning poor Binns got up with a "splitting" headache, and went to business in anything but an amiable mood, muttering maledictions upon the head of his encroaching enemy.

"I must and will put an end to it," said he, as he sipped his fourth cup of strong green tea the same afternoon. "I do verily believe that fellow was formed for my destruction. Mary, do keep those children quiet; they are enough to distract one with their eternal noise. What's that?" he exclaimed in a nervous terror, startled by a loud imperative rap at the door.

"A letter, sir," said Mary.

"For me! Who can it be from?" continued he.

Tearing it open quickly he then read as follows:—

"MY DEAR BINNS,—I looked in at your office this morning, and learned from old Thwaites that you had just gone out, and that he did not know precisely when you would return. Fearing that he might not deliver my message, or mention my call, for he seems a crabbed old hunk, I write this to request you will meet me at Tom's coffee-house to-morrow, at eleven punctually, as I wish you to go with me, and just bail poor Jenkinson, who has suffered some severe losses in Spanish (persisting to *bull* when I told him to *bear*), and has been unable to meet a paltry bill of five-and-thirty pounds. It's a mere matter of form. I am not a housekeeper, and, therefore, not eligible; but I am sure you will not stickle. You will, moreover, have an opportunity of being introduced to one of the best fellows breathing. We propose when he is emancipated from the clutches of the law, that we adjourn to Joe's, and have a steak, and a bottle of sherry.

"Present my most profound and respectful remembrance to Mrs. Binns, and my love to your two darling children, and believe me,

"My dear Binns, yours most faithfully,

"FREDERICK HODGKINS BURR."

"Don't forget, *eleven precisely*."

There was an oath trembling for utterance on the tip of Binns' tongue as he concluded this unique specimen of cool impertinence.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried he, holding the open letter in one hand, and slapping it with the back of the other, "this is—this is beyond everything! me—bail—bail for Jack Nokes or Tom Styles—an impudent jackanapes! I'll see him—I will—yes, I will; but the fellow won't take offence. Don't believe it! He dogs me everywhere. But I will be firm—I will! I have already submitted too long."

The next morning came, and Binns was nervous and wretched, and irresolute, and trembled every time the door of the counting-house was opened; at last he made up his mind to go and see if he could collect in some outstanding and doubtful debts. He threaded all the back alleys, and turned his steps as far eastward as his business would allow.

It was two o'clock when he re-entered the counting-house, and his mind was soon restored to the composure which he feigned when he found all was quiet. Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr had not ventured to call upon him; and Binns trusted that he felt deeply offended by his neglect.

He returned home comparatively happy, and Mrs. Binns surmised and "wondered" what could possibly have checked the career of his impertinence. The next morning, however, the apparently unintelligible mystery was solved. Taking up the "Courier" of the preceding evening, Binns was somewhat startled by the appearance of the following article.

"MANSION HOUSE—A young man, about thirty, rejoicing in the euphonous name of Frederick Hodgkins Burr, was brought up to the bar upon a charge of embezzlement. It appeared, from the evidence of a partner in the firm of Morson, Gibbs, and Co., the well-known shipping-agents, that the prisoner had been employed in their establishment for the last three years, as a collecting clerk. That within the last month a ten and a twenty-pound Bank of England note had been intrusted to the prisoner to carry to their bankers. They immediately stopped the notes at the Bank of England, which were only paid in this morning. Upon questioning the holder, a respectable tailor in Marylebone, he acknowledged having received them of the prisoner in part payment of a three-years' account. A warrant was instantly obtained, and Frederick Hodgkins Burr delivered over to the custody of an officer. They had subsequently examined and discovered some "errors" of a large amount in the prisoner's accounts. The prisoner appeared very cool and indifferent, and took snuff abundantly during the whole proceeding, and declined offering any remark upon the serious charge against him. He was remanded until Friday, in order to give employers time to look into their accounts."

It is impossible for language to express either the astonishment or delight of Binns upon reading the paragraph. His late associate was certainly in imminent danger of being transported! Over and over again did he read the "sweet intelligence," to convince himself of the reality of the fact, and with the precious document snugly folded in his breast pocket, he walked, or rather ran home, to communicate the glad-tidings to his spouse.

An oppressive load was suddenly taken from his mind, and he felt as "uplifted" as if he were really attached to a balloon.

How eagerly he watched the progress of the prosecution! nor was it until Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr was really sentenced to transportation that he felt truly free and happy again.

UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IN 1800.

At first the Irish parliament testified no great willingness to accede to the Union. The resolutions which had passed the British parliament in 1799 excited a terrible storm in Dublin and other towns; but it was observed that a large proportion of the Roman Catholic party, who had suffered most by the late rebellion, preserved a sullen neutrality. When the Irish Commons debated the address proposed by ministers in answer to the speech from the throne, in January, 1799, it was carried by a majority of only one vote. Yet, on the 15th of January, 1800, a motion made in the same House to declare their disapprobation of an incorporating Union was negatived by a majority of 42, the numbers being 138 against 96. On the 5th of February the whole plan of the Union was detailed by Lord Castlereagh, then principal secretary for Ireland. In addition to the resolutions already mentioned, as adopted by the British parliament, it was now proposed that the number of Irish peers to be admitted to the House of Lords of the United Kingdoms should be four lords spiritual by rotation of sessions, and twenty-eight lords temporal elected for life by the peers of Ireland; and that the number of representatives to be admitted into the House of Commons should be one hundred. The storm of opposition rose to a hurricane: but Lord Castlereagh's motion was carried in the Irish Commons by 158 against 115; and in the Lords the measure of the Union was agreed to by a great majority. On the 13th of March Sir John Parnell, a determined anti-unionist, intimated his conviction that improper influences had been employed over the present representatives of the Irish people, and that it would be proper to take the sense of the nation in a less questionable manner; and he moved an address to request his majesty to dissolve the present and convoke another parliament—a kind of Irish conventional parliament. Mr. Saurin spoke strongly in support of the motion, and of a direct appeal to the Irish people. The solicitor-general accused him of "unfurling the bloody flag of rebellion." Mr. Egan accused the solicitor-general, and other members of administration, of having unfurled "the flag of prostitution and corruption." In the end Parnell's motion was negatived by a large majority. After some more vehement debates the whole plan of the Union was approved by the same parliament which the year before had all but rejected it *in toto*; and on the 27th of March the two Irish Houses agreed in a joint address, informing his majesty that they considered the resolutions of the British parliament as wisely calculated to form the basis of an incorporation of Great Britain and Ireland into one kingdom; that they had adopted them as their guide, and now felt it their duty to lay before his majesty resolutions to which they had agreed, and which, if they should be approved by the two Houses of the Parliament of Great Britain, they were ready to confirm and ratify, in order that the same might be established for ever by mutual consent of both Parliaments. On the 2d of April this address, together with the resolutions, was laid before the British Parliament. In the Upper House Lord Holland contended that a Union would not remedy the discontents of the various descriptions of persons composing the Irish community; that it would not insure a redress of their grievances, but would increase that influence which was already the object of general complaint; that it was evidently offensive to the great body of the Irish people; and that, if it should be carried into effect against the sense of the people, it would endanger the connexion between the two countries, and might possibly produce irreparable mischief. Lord Grenville defended the measure as equally beneficial to both kingdoms; and, while eighty-one peers voted with Grenville, only two—the Earl of Derby and Lord King—divided with Lord Holland. In the Commons it was held by some of the opposition that the Union would injure our constitution, inasmuch as the influence of the crown arising from places in Ireland, being now to be concentrated upon only one hundred members, instead of three hundred, the former number of the Irish House of Commons, it must necessarily be augmented. Pitt replied that he wished not to augment the influence of the crown; that the system proposed was rather calculated to favour the popular interest; that the members for Irish counties and principal cities would be sixty-eight, the remaining thirty-two members being to be elected by towns the most considerable in population and wealth; and that, as the proposed addition would not make any change in the internal form of British representation, it would entail none of those dangers which might attend innovation. He said that, if anything could counterbalance the advantages that must result from the Union, it would be the necessity of disturbing in any way the representation of England; but that, most fortunately, no such a necessity existed. He went on:—"In stating this, I have not forgotten what I have myself formerly said and sincerely felt upon the subject of parliamentary reform: but I know that all opinions must necessarily be subservient to times and circumstances; and that man who talks of his consistency merely because he holds the same opinion for ten or fifteen years, when the circumstances under which that opinion was originally formed are totally changed, is a slave to the most idle vanity. Seeing all that I have seen since the period to which I allude; considering how little chance there is of that species of reform to which alone I looked, and which is as different from the modern schemes of reform as the latter are from the constitution; seeing that where the greatest changes have taken place the most dreadful consequences have ensued, and which have not been confined to the country where they originated, but have spread their malignant influence to almost every part of the globe, shaking the fabric of every government; seeing that in this general shock the constitution of Great Britain has alone remained pure and untouched in its vital principles; . . . I say, when I consider all these circumstances, I should be ashamed of myself, if any former opinions of mine could now induce me to think that the form of representation which, in such times as the present, has been found amply sufficient for the purpose of protecting the interests and securing the happiness of the people, should be idly and wantonly disturbed from any love of experiment or any predilection for theory. Upon this subject, I think it right to state the inmost thoughts of my mind; I think it right to declare my most decided opinion, that, even if the times were proper for experiments, any, even the slightest change in such a constitution must be considered as an evil." In conclusion, Pitt proposed the immediate adoption of the resolutions voted by the Irish parliament. Mr. Grey moved an amendment, "That an humble address be presented to his majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased to direct his ministers to suspend all proceedings on the Irish Union till the sentiments of the Irish people respecting that measure can be ascertained." This amendment was rejected by 236 against 30. The three first resolutions were then carried without opposition; and, all proceedings both in Ireland and in England relative to this great national measure being concluded in the month of June, the Act of Union received the royal assent on the 2d of July. On the 29th Parliament was prorogued, the

speech from the throne expressing peculiar satisfaction at the effecting of an entire union between the two islands, which his majesty would ever consider as the happiest event of his reign, being persuaded that nothing could so effectually contribute to the happiness of his Irish subjects, and to the strength, prosperity, and power of the whole empire.

On the last day of the year the king closed the session of parliament, notifying that the time fixed for the commencement of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland necessarily terminated their proceedings; and that the IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT (as the united parliament was to be called) was appointed to meet on the 22d of January, 1801.

A.D. 1801. On the 1st of January a proclamation was issued concerning the royal style and titles and armorial ensigns, henceforward to be used as appertaining to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. The regal title was expressed in English by the words, "George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith." Thus was judiciously relinquished the old title of King of France, which, since the days of Henry V., had been a ridiculous assumption on the part of our sovereigns. The arms or ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom were ordered to be, quarterly, first and fourth England, second Scotland, third Ireland. A new great seal was made in conformity with the alterations made in the royal titles and arms. In honour of the Union many new titles were conferred on the Irish nobility, and several of them were created peers of the United Kingdom.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

No popularity does, or can exist which is not liable to collapse. Two-fold infirmity, alike for him who judges, and for him who suffers judgment, will not allow it to be otherwise. Sir Robert Peel, a minister more popular by his tenure of office than any whom this generation will perhaps again behold, has not been able to escape that ordinary trial of human prosperity. Suddenly a great cloud of public danger has gathered around him: upon every path there were seen to lie secret snares: no wisdom could make an election amongst them absolutely safe: he made that election which comparison of the cases and private information seemed to warrant: and immediately, of his own supporters many are offended. We believe it to be a truth, one amongst those new truths whose aspiring heads are even now rising above our horizon, that the office of first minister, either for France or England, is becoming rapidly more trying by the quality of its duties. We talk of energy: we invoke the memories of Pitt and of Chatham: "oh, for one hour," we exclaim, of those great executive statesmen—who "trampled upon impossibilities," or glorified themselves in a "vigour beyond the law!" Looking backwards, we are right: in our gratitude we do not err. But those times are past. For Sir Robert Peel no similar course is open. Changes in the temper of the age, changes in the constitution of public bodies, absolute revolutions in the kind of responsibilities by which a minister is now fettered, forbid us to imagine that any raptures of national sympathy will ever crowd forward to the support of extreme or summary measures, such as once might have been boldly employed. That style of aspiring action presumes some approach to unity in public opinion. But such unity we shall hardly witness again, were a hostile invader even landed on our shores.

Meantime it will add weight to any thing we can offer in behalf of the Irish policy now formally avowed by Government, if we acknowledge ingenuously that for some weeks we ourselves shared in the doubts upon its wisdom, not timidly expressed by weighty Conservatives.

Rarely, however, in politics, has any man final occasion to repent of forbearance. There may be a tempest of provocation towards the policy of rigour; that policy may justify itself to the moral sense of men; modes even of prudence may be won over to sanction it; and yet, after all, the largest spirit of civil prudence, such as all of us would approve in any historical case removed from the passions of the times, will suggest a much nobler promise of success through a steady adherence to the counsels of peace, than any which could attend the most efficient prosecution of a hostile intervention. The exceeding weight of the crisis has forced us into a closer comparison than usual of the consequences probably awaiting either course. Usually in such cases, we are content to abide the solutions of time; the rapid motion of events settling but too hastily all doubts, and dispensing with the trouble of investigation. Here, however, the coincidence of feelings, heavily mortified on our own part, with the serious remonstrances in the way of argument from journals friendly to Sir Robert Peel's government, would not suffer us to rest in the uneasy condition of dissatisfied suspense. We found ourselves almost coerced into pursuing the two rival policies, down to their separate issues; and the result has satisfied ourselves, that the minister is right. We shall make all effort for bringing over the reader to our own convictions. Sir Robert, we shall endeavour to show, has not been deficient in proper energy; his forbearance, where it has been most conspicuous, is either absolute—in which case it will be found to justify itself, even at present, to the considerate—or it is but provisional, and waiting for contingencies—in which case it will soon unmask itself more terribly than either friend or enemy, perhaps, anticipates.

The Minister's defence is best pursued through the turns of his own admirable speech in the recent debates on the grievances of Ireland. But, previously, let us weigh for a moment Mr. O'Connell's present position, and the chances that seem likely to have attended any attempt to deal with him by blank resistance. It had been always understood, by watchful politicians, that the Repeal agitation slumbered only until the reinstatement of a Conservative administration. The Whigs were notoriously in collusion at all times, more or less openly, with this "foul conspiracy": a crime which, in them, was trebly scandalous; for they it was, in times past, who had denounced the conspiracy to the nation as ruinous; in that they were right; but they also it was, who had pointed out the leading conspirator as an individual to national indignation in a royal speech; and in that they degraded, without a precedent, the majesty of that high state-document. Descending thus abjectly, as regarded the traitor, the Whigs were not unwilling to brench by the treason. They did so. They adulterated with treason during their term of power: the compact being, that Mr. O'Connell should guide for the Government their exercise of Irish patronage so long as he guaranteed to them an immunity from the distraction of Irish insubordination. When the Tories succeeded to power, to amity—this treasonable capitulation with treason—of necessity fell to the ground; and once again Mr. O'Connell prepared for war. *Cessante mercede cessat opera.* How he has conducted this war of late, we all know. And such being the brief history of its origin, embittered to him by the silent expression of defiance, unavoidably couched in any withdrawal of the guilty commerce, we all guess in what spirit he will wish to conduct it for the future. But there presents itself the question of his ability—of his possible resources—for persevering in his one mode of hostility. He would continue his array of mobs, but can he? We believe not. Already

the hours of his sorceries are numbered: and now he stands in the situation of an officer on some forlorn outpost, before a superior enemy, and finding himself reduced to half a dozen rounds of ammunition. In such a situation, whatever countenance he may put on of alacrity and confidence, however rapidly he may affect to sustain his fire in the hope of duping his antagonist into a retreat, he cannot surmount or much delay the catastrophe which faces him. More and more reluctantly Mr. O'Connell will tell off the few lingering counters on his beadroll: but at length comes the last; after which he is left absolutely without resources for keeping the agitation alive, or producing any effect whatever.

Many fancy not. They suppose it possible that these parades or field-days may be repeated. But let us consider. Already it impresses a character of childishness on these gatherings of peasants; and it is a feeling which begins to resound throughout Ireland, that there is absolutely no business to be transacted—not even any forms to be gone through—and, therefore, no rational object by which such parades can be redeemed from mockery. Were there a petition to be subscribed, a vote to be taken, or any ostensible business to furnish an excuse for the meeting—once, but once only, in each district, it might avail. As it is, we have the old nursery case before us—

"The king of France march'd up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,"

followed by his most Christian majesty's successful countermarch. The very children in the streets would follow them with hootings, if these fooleries were reiterated. But, if that attempt were made, and in some instances should even succeed, so much the worse for the interests of Repeal. The effect would be fatal. No device could be found more excellent for killing the enthusiasm which has called out such assemblies, than the evidence thus forced upon the general mind—that they were inoperative, and without object, either confessed or concealed. Hitherto the toil and exhaustion of the day had been supported, doubtless, under a belief that a master of insurrectionary forces was destined, with a view to some decisive course of action, when all should be found prepared. The cautionary order issued for total abstinence from violence had been looked upon, of course, as a momentary or *interim* restraint. But if once it were understood that this order was absolute, or of indefinite application, the chill to the national confidence would be that of death. For we are not to suppose that the faith and love of the peasantry can have been given, either personally to Mr. O'Connell, or to Repeal, as a cause for itself. Both these names represent, indirectly, weightier and dearer objects, which are supposed to stand behind. Even Repeal is not valued as an end—but simply as a means to something beyond. But let that idea once give way, let the present hope languish, let it be thrown back to a period distant or unassigned—and the ruin of the cause is sealed. The rural population of Ireland has, it is true, been manoeuvred and exhibited merely as a threatening show to England; but, assuredly, on that same day when the Irish peasants, either from their own sagacity, or from newspapers, discover that they have been used as a property by Mr. O'Connell, for purposes in which their own interest is hard to be deciphered, indifference and torpor will succeed. For this once, the nationality of Ireland has been too frantically stimulated for the toleration of new delays. Mr. O'Connell is at last the martyr of his own success. Should the priestly order refuse to advance further on a road nominally national, but from which, at any moment, the leader may turn off, by secret compromise, into a by-road, leading only to family objects, universal mutiny must now follow. The general will of the priesthood has thus far quelled and overruled the individual will; but that indignant recusants amongst that order are muttering and brooding we know, as well from the necessities of human nature, as from actual letters already beginning to appear in the journals. Under all these circumstances, a crisis is to be dreaded by the central body of Repealers, which body is doubtless exceedingly small. And what will hasten this crisis is the inevitable result from a fact noticed as yet only for ostentation. It is this. The weekly contributions in money, and their sudden overflow, have occasioned some comments in the House of Lords; on the one side with a view to the dishonesty apparent in the management of this money, and to the dark purposes which it may be supposed to mask—on the other, with a view to the increasing heartiness in the service, which it seems to express. It is, however, a much more reasonable comment upon this momentary increase, so *occasional* and timed to meet the sudden resurrection of energy in the general movement, that the money has flowed so freely altogether under that same persuasion which also has drawn the peasantry to the meetings—viz. the fixed anticipation of an immediate explosion. Multitudes in the belief, suddenly awakened and propagated through Ireland—that now at length, all further excuses laid aside, the one great national enterprise, so long nursed in darkness, had ripened for execution, and would at last begin to move—have exerted themselves to do what, under other circumstances, they would not have done. Even simple delay would now irritate these men beyond control. They will call for an account. This will be refused, and cannot but be refused. The particular feeling of these men, that they have been hoaxed and swindled, concurring with the popular rage on finding that this storm also, like all before it, is to blow over—if there be faith in human nature, will do more to shake the Repeal speculation than any possible course of direct English resistance. All frauds would be forgiven in an hour of plausible success, or even in a moment of undeniable preparation. But disappointment coming in the rear of extravagant hopes will be fatal, and strike a frost to the heart of the conspiracy. For it cannot be doubted that none of these extra services, whether in money or personal attendance, would have been rendered without express assurances from high quarters, and not merely from fond imaginations founded on appearances, that the pretended regeneration of Ireland was at hand.

Now let us see how these natural sequences, from the very nature of this showy demonstrations recently organized, and from the very promises by which they must have been echoed, will operate in relation to the measures of the Government; either those which have been adopted, as those which have been declined. Had the resolution [a fatal resolution, as we now think] been adopted in the cabinet to disperse the meetings by force, blood would have flowed; and a plea, though fraudulent in virtue, would have been established for O'Connell—such we may suppose to be built upon a fact so liable to perversion. His hands would have been prodigiously strengthened. The bloodshed would have been kept before the eyes of the people for ever, and would have taken innumerable forms. But the worst, ultimately the ruinous, operation of this official intervention would have lain in the plenary excuse from his engagements furnished to Mr. O'Connell, and in the natural solution of all those embarrassments which for himself he cannot solve. At present he has at his wits' end to devise any probable scheme for tranquillizing the universal disappointment, for facing the relapse from infinite excitement, and for propitiating the particular fury of those who will now hold themselves to have been defrauded of their money. Leave this tempest to itself, and it will go near to overwhelm the man: or if the local separation of the parties most injured should be so managed as to intercept that result, assuredly it will overwhelm the cause. In the estimate, therefore, of O'Connell, we may rely upon it—that a battalion

* We use the words of the Chancellor; words, therefore, technically legal, in the debate of July, on Lord Clanricarde's motion for a vote of censure upon Sir E. Sugden.

of foot, or a squadron of horse, appearing in aid of the police to clear the ground at Mallow or at Donnybrook, would have seemed the least questionable godsend that has ever illuminated his experience. "O jubilate for a providential deliverance!" that would have been his cry. "Henceforward be all my difficulties on the heads of my opponents!" But at least, it is argued, the fact would have been against him; the dispersion would have disarmed him, whatever colouring he might have caused it to bear. Not at all. We doubt if one meeting the less would have been held. Ready at all times for such emergencies, the leader would not suffer himself to be found without every conceivable legal quillet, sharpened and retouched, against the official orders. He would have had an interview with the authorities: he would have shown a flaw in the wording of the instructions: he would have re-baptized his assembly, and, where no business goes on, any name will answer: he would have called his mob "a tea-party," or "an agricultural association:" the sole real object concerned, which is the exhibition of vast numbers trained amenable to instant restraint, would have proceeded under new names. This would no longer have anguished when Government had supplied the failing impulse: and in the mean time to have urged with its perilous tendencies, the gathering was unlawful—would have availed nothing: for the law authorities in parliament, right or wrong, have affected doubts upon that doctrine; and, when parliament, will not eventually support him, it matters little that a minister of these days would, for the moment, assume the responsibility of a strong measure. Or, if parliament were to legislate anew for this special case, the Repealer would then split his large mobs into many small ones: he would lecture, he would preach, he would sing, in default of other excuses for meeting. No law, he would observe coolly to the magistrate, against innumerable prayer-meetings or infinite concerts. The items would still be reported in one central office: the fact would be the same; and it would tell for the same cause.

Thus it appears that no fact would have resulted against the Repealers, had the Government taken a severe course. Still, may it not be said that a fact, and a strong one, survives on the otherside, viz. against the Government, under this forbearing course which they really have taken? What fact? Is it organization of all Ireland? Doubtless that bears an ominous sound: but it must be considered—that if the leader cannot wield this vast organization for any purposes of his own, and plainly he cannot so long as he acquires no fresh impulses or openings to action from the indiscretion of his opponents, but on the contrary must be ruined—cause and leader, party and partisan chief, by the very 'lock' [or as in America is said, the 'fix'] into which he has brought himself, by the pledge which he cannot redeem—far less can that organization be used by others or for any other purpose. It is an organization not secret: not bound by oaths; loose and careless in its cohesion; not being good for its proper object, it is good for no other, and we hear of no one attribute by which it threatens the public peace beyond its numerical extent.

But is that true? Is it numerically so potent as it is represented? We hardly need to say, that the exaggerations upon this point have been too monstrous to call for any pointed exposures. With respect to one of the southern meetings—that at Cork, we believe—by way of applying some scale or measurement to the exaggerations, we may mention that a military man, actually measured the ground after the retirement of the crowd. He ascertained that the ground could barely accommodate twenty-five thousand men standing in regimental order. What was the report of the newspapers! Four to five hundred thousand, as usual. Indeed, we may complain of our English Conservative journals as, in this point, faithfully reflecting the wildest statements of the Repeal organs. So much strength was apparently given, for the moment, to the Repeal interest by these outrageous fictions, that we, for our own parts, (whilst hesitating as to other points of the Government policy,) did not scruple to tax the Home Minister and the Queen's Lieutenant with some neglect of duty in not sending experienced officers of the army to reconnoitre the meetings in every instance, and authentically to make returns of the numbers present. Since reading the minister's speech, however, we are disposed to think that this neglect was not altogether without design. It appears that Sir Robert relies in part upon these frightful falsehoods for effecting a national service by rousing the fears of the Roman Catholic landholders. In this there is no false refinement; for, having very early done all the mischief they could as incendiary proclamations of power to the working classes, the exaggerations are now, probably, operating with even more effect in an opposite direction upon the great body of the Catholic gentry. Cordially to unite this body with the government of Ireland would, by much, overbalance the fickle support of the peasantry, given for the moment to the cause of disaffection. That disaffection, under its present form, is already, perhaps, on the point of unlocking its union. It cannot be permanent as an organization; for, without hope, no combination can sustain itself, and a disaffection, founded purely upon social causes, can be healed by no Government whatever. But if the Catholic gentry, treated as they now are with fraternal equality, should heartily coalesce with the party promoting a closer British connexion, that would be a permanent gain.

The Irish policy, therefore, the immediate facts of the policy, pursued by the Government, if we distinguish it from the general theory and principles of their policy as laid down in the speech of the Premier, has not been what it is said to have been. Summing up the heads, let us say that we are not resigned negligently to the perils of civil war; those perils, though as great as Mr. O'Connell could make them, are not by any means as great as Mr. O'Connell describes them; the popular arrays are ridiculously below the amounts reported to us; in some instances they have been multiplied by 20, probably in all by 15; the rumour and the terror of these arrays have operated both ways: for us more permanently than against us. Lastly, it is not true that the Government has proceeded only by negative steps; the army has been increased in Ireland, the garrisons have been better arranged, military stations have been strengthened, and seditious magistrates have been dismissed.

Mr. O'Connell now threatens to pursue his career, by repeating that same absurd misdeemeanor of summoning a mock parliament, which, some twenty and odd years ago, a Staffordshire baronet expiated by the penalties of fine and imprisonment. At that crisis we shall see the tranquil minister unmask his artillery. But could it be reasonable to look for a faithful discharge of painful duties, arising in these later stages of the Repeal cause, (and duties applying probably to the cases of gentlemen, neighbours, fellow partisans,) from one who had already promoted that cause, in its previous stages, to the extent of sedition and conspiracy? He who has already signalized to the nation his readiness to co-operate in so open a mischief as dismemberment of the empire, wherefore should he shrink from violating an obscure rule of the common law, or a black letter statute?

But enough of the policy which has been pursued. That, by its nature is limited, and of necessity, in many points of recent application, is a policy of watching and negation. Now, let us turn to the general policy, as it is reviewed in the very comprehensive speech of the Prime Minister. It is a speech

that, by anticipation, we may call memorable, looking before and after; good, as a history for half a century gone by since our union with Ireland; good, we venture to hope, as a rule and as a prophecy for the spirit of our whole future connexion with that important island. We shall move rapidly; for our rehearsal will best attain the object we have in view by its brevity and condensation.

I.—Mr. Roebuck had insisted that Ireland was made the victim of our English parsimony; not once and away, but systematically. This happens to be a charge peculiarly irritating to all parties—to the authors of the parsimony, and to its objects. And, says Sir Robert, I am told to avoid it as secondary; but observe, it is quite substantial enough, as others say, to justify "an impeachment." This is the honourable barrister's word; and a "soft" impeachment it will turn out.

a. By the Act of Union, it was provided that, in voting the civil estimates for Ireland, whatever sum it should appear that Ireland had averaged for six years before the Union, in her own votes for a particular purpose, annually that same sum should be voted for a period prescribed by the United Parliament. The purpose was, internal improvement in Ireland, and any national uses, whether pious or charitable. What, then, had been the extent of the Irish vote? We neglect small fractions, and state that it had averaged seventy-three thousand a-year. For the first twenty years, therefore, the obligation upon the Imperial Parliament had been, to vote twenty times that sum, or £1,460,000. This was the contract. What was the performance? Five millions, three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds, or three and a half times the amount of the promise.

b. Another extraordinary vote in the Irish Parliament, previous to the Union, had been upon the miscellaneous estimates. This vote, when averaged on the same principle, had produced annually one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. To the same sum the United Parliament stood pledged for the first period of twenty-eight years succeeding the Union. The reader will see at once that the result ought to have been little more than three and a half millions. That was the debt. What was the payment? Something beyond five millions.

c. Upon another comparison, viz. between Scotland and Ireland, as to another class of extras and contingencies, it turns out—that, during the last period of seven years, to Scotland had been voted six hundred and sixty thousand pounds, to Ireland two million, two hundred, and sixty thousand, that is, less than one hundred thousand *per annum*; to Ireland, more than three hundred thousand.

In the same category stands the relative taxation. Ireland was to pay two-sevenths of the whole imperial burden. That was the bargain, which we are not called on to reopen. But, as extras, as a liberal bonus upon this bargain, Ireland has been excused from paying for windows—for assessed taxes—for soap. At this moment, in addition to these liberal discounts, she has no national share, as Ireland,* in the Income Tax: and she may be said, in one sense, to receive her letters gratuitously, for the postage yields nothing to Government, all being absorbed by the Irish post-office. It is little, after this, to start possibilities of unequal contribution as regards the indirect taxation: this could not be separately apportioned to the three great limbs of the empire without disturbing the great currents of commerce. It is enough that by exemptions upon the direct taxes, so far as concerns three of them—window, assessed, and income—Ireland receives a large indemnity.

II. Connected with the last head is the reproach made to Great Britain upon the subject of railway encouragement. What encouragement! By money? Yes, says Lord John Russell, whose experience in office (as one of a cabinet plagued in the way that all cabinets are by projectors and scheming capitalists) ought to have taught him better. Have we given any money to our own railways? No; but England is rich. True: and Ireland is not suffered to be so rich as she might be by her Irish "friends." But rich or not rich, is not question here. If schemes of profit are not profitable in this country, we do not encourage them. If they are profitable, they want no encouragement. Still, it is said, might it not be prudent to feed the railroads in Ireland, not with any view to the scheme for itself, but considered as a means of development for the circumjacent country? No, replies Sir Robert, that is an error: railways may benefit by the country: but the country through which they race, is rarely affected by them more than the atmosphere aloft by the balloons. The great towns on the route, or at the extremities, doubtless benefit; but in too small a degree, unless they are manufacturing towns, to warrant the least thoughtful of ministers in assisting them. However, to make a beginning, and as a topic to be borne in mind how much would be wanted? A matter of ten millions, says Lord John. *Olli subridens*, replies the minister, "What! only that?" But, returning to business, he reminds the house—that, even for so small a sum as ten millions sterling, the nation would perhaps expect security. Who is to give it? Are the countries traversed to be assessed? But they will disown the benefit arising. And, says Sir Robert, take a miniature case—a sum little more than one-tenth of ten millions was advance by this country on account of the Irish work-houses, and for a time there was some advantage gained to the industry of the land. But that soon passed away, and then two evils arose at once. The money was to be repaid, and the employment was at an end. But this latter evil was worse than it seemed, for it did not act as a simple privation of so much good; the extra stimulations of the national industry, as invariably happens, and as at this moment we see in England upon the cessation of a ten years' demand for iron, on account of our own railways, brought about a corresponding exhaustion for the new Poor-Law, tending violently to civil tumults. The repayment of that advance will yet cost Ireland many a groan.

III. If Ireland, then, is not ill-treated as to her taxation, or her public improvements, is it true that she is ill-treated in the persons of her children? That also has been said; but Sir Robert dispenses that fancy by facts which are as conclusive as they are really little needed at this day. Sculptors had been appointed by members of the cabinet, police commissioners, &c.; and, as will easily be believed, with no question ever mooted as to their birth, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. Consequently, however, it had turned out as a blind fact, which is useful in showing the entire indifference to such a point in the minds of public men, that the larger proportion of successful candidates were Irish. This was an accident certainly, but an accident irreconcilable with the least shadow of prejudice pointing in that direction.

IV. Of social grievances, grievances connected with the state of society, there are but too many in Ireland: relations between landlord and tenant for instance; but these are so little caused or aggravated by Parliament, that they cannot even be lightened by Parliament. What little is possible, however, says Sir Robert, we will attempt. The elective franchise is another case; yet, if that is now too much narrowed, why is it so? Let Ireland thank herself, and the growing indisposition amongst Irish landlords to grant leases. Might we

* People in Ireland, under various heads, as officers of the different services &c., pay but one in quality of Irishmen, when by accident they are such.

not, then, transfer to Ireland our English franchise? But that, applied to Irish institutions and arrangements, would narrow the electoral basis still further than it is narrowed. Not, therefore, against the Irish, but in their behalf, we withhold our own unsuitable privileges. It is a separate question, besides, whether the moral civilization of Ireland is equal to the exercise of our English franchise. Education of the people again, if there is an obstacle at this time to its movement in Ireland, where does it originate? We all know the great schism upon that subject existing amongst the Irish Protestants, and how embarrassing the Government has found that feud—how intractable and embittered, for the very reason that it rested upon no personal jealousies which might have relaxed or been overruled, but (for one side at least) upon deep conscientious scruples. Reverence those scruples we must; but still the Irish are not entitled to charge upon ministers a public evil of their own creation. In all these calamities, or others of the same nature, oppressing the state of society in Ireland, and derived as an inheritance from ancient times, the blame, too notoriously, in no part of it, rests with the English ministers; and the proof is evident in this fact—that, except by one monstrous anti-social proposal from a very few of the opposition members, as a remedy for the land occupancy complaints—a proposal strongly disavowed by the leaders of the party, no practical flaw was detected, either of omission or commission, as affecting the ministerial policy. The objections were pure generalities; and even Lord John Russell, who adopted the usual complaint against the minister, that he brought forward no definite plan, and whose own field of choice was therefore left all the wider, offered nothing more specific than the following mysterious suggestion, which is probably a Theban hieroglyphic—that, like as the “celebrated” Cromwell, in times past, did appoint Sir Matthew Hale to the presiding seat on the bench of justice, even so ought Sir Robert Peel to— But there the revelation ceased. What are we to suppose the suppressed *apodosis* of the proposition? Was it to disarm Mr. O’Connell, by making him an archbishop? Little propensity have we to treat a great national crisis with levity; but surely every man is entitled to feel indignant, that when the burden of attack upon Government, is for their silence with regard to specific measures, (which, to be effectual, must often be secret,) those who have the good fortune to be under no such restraints of secrecy, find themselves able to suggest absolutely nothing. National resources were not locked up in the treasury—the particular choice may be secret, but the resources themselves lie open to the whole world—to us to Lord John Russell, who have no power, quite as much as to Sir Robert Peel who wields the thunder. And we cannot but remind the reader, that one reason, beyond the policy of concealment, which made it hard for Government to offer suggestions absolutely new, was the simple fact, that such as were fit to be published they had already acted on. The remodeling of arrangements for the army, the bill for intercepting the means of arming a rebel force, and the suppression of insurrectionary magistrates—these three measures were clearly the first steps to be taken. One only of the three is still lingering; whom have we to thank for that? A ministry to which the Duke of Wellington belongs, is not likely to talk first and act afterwards. By the time it became necessary to talk, their work, for the present, had been done. But some few significant words there were from leaders in both Houses, which convince us, that, upon any important change of movements on the part of the Repealers, the silent menaces of Government will begin to speak in a tone such as no man can misunderstand.

V. *Patronage*.—Has that great instrument of government been abused by Sir Robert Peel in the management of Ireland? This question might have arranged itself under either of the two first heads; but we choose to bring it forward in an insulated form. For we believe that no administration of any day has ever made the avowal, or had it in their power to make the avowal, which Sir Robert Peel made to the House of Commons in the speech we are now reviewing. He read two separate extracts from his own official instructions to Lord De Grey, which actually announced his resolution (unfettered by the slightest reserve) to renounce the entire church patronage of Ireland as an instrument of administration. The Lord-Lieutenant was authorized to dispense this patronage with one solitary view to merit, professional merit, and the highest interests of Ireland. So noble an act as this, and one so unprecedented in its nobility, needs no praise of ours. It speaks for itself. And it would be injurious to spend words in eulazony of that which, by a spontaneous movement, both sides of the House received with volleying cheers. That kind of applause is as rare and as significant as the act itself.

VI. and VII. Finally, however, all other questions connected with this great crisis, sink in importance by the side of the one great interest at stake upon the Union—is that to be maintained? And, as the Union could not possibly survive the destruction of the Protestant Establishment, is that to be protected? Are we to receive, at the hands of traitors, a new model for our glorious empire; and, without condescending to pause for one instant in discussing consequences, are we to drink of this cup of indignity—that the constitution and settlement of our state, which one hundred and fifty-five years ago required the deliberations of two ancient nations, England and Scotland, collected in their representatives, to effect, now at this day are to be put into the furnace anew by obscure conspirators, and traitors long since due to the gallows. Say not, with Sir James Graham, “that this all-conquering England would perish by the consequences.” If that were endured, already she has perished; and the glory of Israel has departed. The mere possibility that, by a knot of conspirators, our arch of empire could be dismembered, that by a bare shout of treason it could be thrown down for ever like the battlements of Jericho at the blast of trumpets, would proclaim, as in that Judean tragedy, that we stood under a curse of wrath divine. The dismemberment itself would be less fatal than the ignominy of its mode. Better to court the hostility of foreign nations, better to lay open our realms to a free movement of that wrath against us which is so deeply founded in their envy, than to perish by the hands of poltroons, of thieves, or conspirators. But this fate is not ours. Many times our Government have repeated that assurance. But, as in the expressions of our affection to the Sovereign, this assurance is rightly renewed from time to time, and occasions are sought for renewing it, let the ministers be assured—that, on this point, we are all sound at heart. All of us are with them from shore to shore. In this island there will be no faltering. It is shocking, undoubtably: it is awful, and *a such a moment*, to hear three lords of old official standing—Lords Palmerston, Howick, and John Russell, taking occasion to propound ridiculous and senseless modifications of a plan essentially rebellious, the plan of partial confiscation, or of partial degradation, for the Protestant Church. Patience hardly can keep pace with the deliberate consideration of the contradictions which would follow—whether from tampering with the Church, or with the political settlement of our nation. Sir R. Peel has traced both. From the one case must follow an independent army, for Ireland an independent government, in independent war as often as the popular will speak loudly. From a participation of Protestant property, or Protestant dignities with the Roman Catholics, would follow instantly the transfer of Protestant churches, already few enough, the translation

of Popish priests (that is, of selected traitors, to our senate. The very hint is a monument to the disgrace of these noble Lords: fatal to all pretences of earnest patriotism; but still in them accounted for, and perhaps a little palliated, by the known necessities of party. As respects the general mind, there is no such imbecility abroad; no such disposition to traffic or go halves, temporize or capitulate with treason. One only error is prevalent: it has been noticed by Sir R. Peel, who indeed over-looked nothing; but it may be well to put the refutation into another form. The caballing for dissolution of the Union, why should that be treasonable? Is the Act of Union more than an Act of Parliament? Is not every act of Parliament open to objection, petition, annulment? No. It is dismemberment, says Sir Robert Peel, of the state. We add this—How, and in virtue of what law, does the house of Brunswick reign? By the Act of Settlement—an act of Parliament—an act about a hundred and fifty years old. That is but an act of Parliament. Is it open, then to any of us or all of us, to call a meeting for rescinding the Act of Settlement? But all will now advance to a rapid consummation; Mr O’Connell pursues only his old movement—then he is lost by the decay of the enthusiasm. He adopts a new one—that which he has obscurely announced. Then we are as sure as we are of day and night, of his treason, as of British power to crush it, that the suspended thunderbolt, now raised aloft by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, will put an end to him for ever.

Cricketers’ Chronicle.

A friendly match at single wicket between two distinguished members of the St. George’s Cricket Club of New York, came off on Tuesday last on the Ground of the Club; the parties were so equally matched that, in two Innings each, the winner only made five runs, and the loser made four.

Another match by twilight was begun between the loser of the above, and another gentleman; it was continued until the Fielder ran from the ball instead of towards it, when it was thought time to leave off, with the game unfinished.

MATCH BETWEEN THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS AND THE COLDSTREAMS.

A very interesting match, upon the result of which very heavy sums were depending, between the 1st Regiment of Life Guards and 2d Battalion of the Coldstream Guards (both in garrison at Windsor), was concluded on Wednesday July 19. The game, which was played on the lawn in the square of the Cavalry barracks, at Windsor, was commenced on the Saturday (when the two first innings were played out); resumed again on Tuesday, and concluded on the following day. During the play, on the first day especially, the ground was visited by a large and distinguished assemblage of the principal nobility and their families residing in the neighbourhood of Windsor and Eton. A large marquee was erected on the lawn, where refreshments were provided by the officers for the players and their friends, and the band of the Life Guards performed on the green during the play. The following is the score:—

FIRST REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS.			
1ST INNINGS.		2d INNINGS.	
Private Spicer, b. by Bentley.....	2	b. by North.....	4
“ Ayres, c. by Green.....	31	c. by Green.....	21
“ Bray, b. by Bentley.....	0	b. by North.....	9
Colonel Hall, b. by “.....	13	b. by Bentley.....	1
Corporal Rayner, run out.....	33	not out.....	8
Lord Seaham, c. by Mann.....	9	c. by Bristow.....	0
Captain Leslie, b. by Green.....	6	b. by Bentley.....	1
Captain Sutton, b. by Newton.....	10	run out.....	0
Private Lewis, run out.....	7	c. by Capt. Brand.....	4
“ Whitear, b. by Bentley.....	10	b. by Green.....	7
“ Pettit, not out.....	4	c. by Capt. Newton.....	0
Byes 12, wide ball 1.....	13	byes 6, wide ball 2.....	8
Total.....	137	Total.....	73
COLDSTREAM GUARDS.			
1ST INNINGS.		2d INNINGS.	
Corporal Bentley, c. by Rayner.....	44	c. by Col. Hall.....	45
Private Mann, b. by Pettit.....	2	c. by Ayres.....	6
Sergeant Bartlett, b. by “.....	1	not out.....	15
Captain Brand, b. by “.....	13	c. by Col. Hall.....	4
Sergeant Bristow, c. by Col. Hall.....	9	c. by Whitear.....	15
Private Green, b. by Whitear.....	7	c. by Col. Hall.....	5
Lieut. Lyon, b. by Rayner.....	0	b. by Whitear.....	1
Captain Newton, b. by Whitear.....	4	c. by Pettit.....	6
Colonel Clithero, not out.....	4	b. by Rayner.....	4
Private North, run out.....	2	b. by Whitear.....	0
“ Frost, b. by Whitear.....	4	not out.....	1
Byes 10, wide 1, no balls 2.....	13	byes 4 no balls 2.....	6
Total.....	103	Total.....	108

It will be perceived from the score that the game was most closely contested, the Coldstreams just winning with only one wicket to be levelled. The batting of Corporal Bentley, of the Coldstreams, who scored the almost unprecedented number of 89 runs in his two innings, was beautiful in the extreme. The fielding on this side was generally very excellent. Colonel Hall, of the Life Guards, made four admirable catches. The colonel’s batting and fielding and the batting of Corporal Rayner were capital. The return match will be played in the course of a fortnight.

THE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND v. THE PLAYERS OF ENGLAND.

This contest, which deserves to be ranked as the grand match of the season, has terminated in a glorious triumph for the amateurs. It is usually so arranged that this shall take place last of the grand matches at Lord’s, and although upon each preceding occasion the event has proved one of the highest interest, we do not remember any year wherein the attention of all admirers of the graceful and athletic game of cricket, seemed so generally excited. It is true, that here, in the celebrated enclosure of Marylebone, the spectator might reckon upon witnessing the finest display of science in bowling, batting, and fielding; yet on Monday and Tuesday last the Gentlemen of England fairly outdid all their previous doings. Twenty-one years had elapsed since the amateurs plucked the wreath of victory from the brows of the “players,” in this their annual contest, until last year, when they defeated them, with 94 runs to spare, and this time they have been still more proudly triumphant.

But we will let the particulars of the play speak for themselves. With one or two exceptions, it would have been difficult to have selected two stronger lists of competitors, and so it would appear it was thought by the public, for shortly after the play had commenced no fewer than about 4,000 persons of all classes had assembled to witness the exertions of the day. For a long series of years this match has been understood to have been made and conducted by Lord F. Beauchamp—a nobleman, who, in this branch of the athletic exercises of this country, was the admiration of his day. As we have already stated, the attendance of the company was extremely numerous on Tuesday, and amongst those who fell under our notice were—the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Burleigh, Count Esterhazy, Lord Templemore, Viscount Grimston, Viscount Loftus, the Earl and Countess of Craven and party, the Earl of Thanet, Lord Stafford, Lord W. Hervey, Lord and Lady F. Beauchamp and party, Lord H. Loftus, Lord Drumlanrig, Lord Marcus Hill, Lord E. Hill, the Hon. Robert Grimston, the Hon. C. Grimston, the Hon. F. Grimston, the Hon. F. Ponsonby, the Hon. Captain Loftus, the Hon. Paul Methuen, the Hon. A. Chichester, the Hon. Captain Lawley, the Hon. F. Craven, the Hon. Captain Liddell, the Hon. C. Moring, Sir J. Shelley, General Upton, Colonel Greenwood, Mr. Ward, Mr. Kynaston, Sir F. Bathurst, Mr. Felix, Mr. Craven, Mr. Boudier, Mr. Anson, Mr. C. Taylor, Mr. Eden, &c. As this match is always a great source of betting from one end of the kingdom to the other, contrary to our usual custom we subjoin a list of the two elevens. The "gentlemen" consisted of Sir F. Bathurst, Mr. Colson (for the Hon. F. Ponsonby, who is not sufficiently recovered from his accident,) Mr. Boudier (for the Hon. E. Grimston, also disabled,) Mr. Anson, Mr. Craven, Mr. Felix, Mr. Kynaston, Mr. A. Mynn, Mr. W. Mynn, Mr. W. Pickering, and Mr. C. G. Taylor; whilst the "players" comprised the names of Adams, Box, Butler, Dean, Guy, Hawkins, Lillywhite, Pilch, Redgate, and Wenman.

Prince Albert, the patron of the Marylebone and Sussex clubs, was expected to honour the match with his presence. His Royal Highness having, it is said, previously expressed his intention of witnessing one of the great matches in which the *élite* of gentlemen and players would be engaged; and this game was accordingly suggested, as likely to be the best contested match of the season. Several members attached to the household of his Royal Highness, were however, present.

The players commenced the game by a defence of the wickets, and scored 137 runs, out of which Wenman, after some very fine batting, cleared 73, being more than half of the entire innings. In the course of his play he made some splendid hits, including a five and a four, in first rate style, also eight threes and eight twos, and ultimately carried out his bat amidst the cheers of the spectators. Hawkins (hit wicket) marked 21, with a four, a three, a trio of twos, and eight single runs. Bex (c., Mr. Kynaston) 11; Guy (c., Mr. A. Mynn) 7; Hillyer (b., Mr. A. Mynn) 6; Pilch (b., Mr. A. Mynn) 4; Butler (s., Mr. Anson) 3; Dean (b., Mr. A. Mynn) 3; Adams (b., Mr. A. Mynn) 1; Redgate and Lillywhite were both bowled by Mr. Taylor without clearing a run, and the former had his stumps lowered the first ball. There were seven byes and one wide ball. The bowling of Mr. Alfred Mynn and Mr. C. G. Taylor was first rate, and did great execution, and their colleagues were equally active on the field. The fielding of Messrs. Pickering and Boudier excited frequent plaudits.

The gentlemen then went in, Mr. Walter Mynn and Mr. Craven taking the bats. The betting at this time was all in favour of the players, who were backed heavily at 3 to 1, but a considerable re-action soon occurred. Mr. Craven, who run himself out, scored but one. Mr. Alfred Mynn joined his brother, and they commenced batting away in fine style, getting runs very fast. Mr. W. Mynn, after scoring 20, with a four, a brace of threes, a two, and eight singles, had his wicket lowered by a ball from Dean. Mr. Felix was his successor, and who materially increased the score by his bold and scientific batting. At length Mr. A. Mynn run out, after getting 47 in capital style, comprising a five, three fours, a three, and five twos. Three wickets down for 68 runs. Time was then called, and the play terminated for the evening, Mr. Felix "well in" with a score of about 25, and the day closed with current betting of 2 to 1 on the gentlemen.

TUESDAY.—The game was resumed by Mr. Colson, who played for the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby (incapacitated from appearing in the field in consequence of an accident which he had experienced in one of the recent matches,) facing Mr. Felix, but he was soon disposed of by Lillywhite, without making a run. Mr. TAYLOR then went in, and completely took the field by surprise by the display of some splendid batting, such as has not been witnessed for a considerable time, even at Lord's. He made the enormous score of 89, and would doubtless have materially increased it, had he not put himself out by accidentally hitting his wicket. He made several tremendous hits, comprising a six, a five, six fours, and nine threes. Mr. Felix having been caught by Guy after obtaining 22, with a brace of fours, a couple of threes, a two, and six singles, was succeeded by Mr. Pickering, who run out with a score of five. Mr. Boudier (who played for the Hon. E. H. Grimston) was bowled by Lillywhite for 10. Mr. Kynaston, caught by Dean, made 7. Sir F. Bathurst, bowled by Hillyer, 28, with a five, two fours, two threes, a couple of twos, and five single runs. Mr. Anson carried out his bat with a score of 17, including a six got in capital style, a four, and a two. The innings, with nine byes and one wide ball, amounted to 256 runs.

The players in their second innings had 119 to tie, but scoring 99 only, they lost the match, being defeated by the gentlemen single-handed, and with 20 runs to spare!

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB V. THE NOTTINGHAM TRENT-BRIDGE CLUB.—The inclosure at Lord's, on the 24th and 25th July, was attended by a numerous and fashionable company to witness the match between these celebrated clubs, which had excited considerable interest of a speculative nature from the well-known skill and science of both amateurs and players comprising the elevens. The Marylebone Club, in addition to five "professionals" of this ground, had the assistance of the veteran Lillywhite, the famous Sussex bowler (in lieu of Barker and Good); while the Nottingham side were compelled to play with but ten wickets, in consequence of the accident which befel Barker, one of their best bowlers, whose loss, of course, operated greatly to the prejudice of his party. The Nottingham party lost the match by fifty-seven runs. The game throughout was contested with great determination and spirit, and the play, generally speaking, was of the first order. Lord Grimston and Hillyer's batting was greatly admired, as was also the bowling of Lillywhite, who likewise displayed great activity in the field. Mr. Noyes and Butler, of the Nottingham side, exhibited some very fine batting; and the bowling of Redgate and Clark was exceedingly effective. The return match will be played at Nottingham in the course of the ensuing month.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it's rung for dinner.

Foreign Summary.

An original Chinese letter has been presented to the Mechanics' Institute at Mansfield. Contrary to the English mode of writing, the ink is white, and the paper black or dark coloured.

The appeal of the celebrated Vidocq against the sentence of the tribunal of Correctional Police, which condemned him to five years' imprisonment and five years' *surveillance*, came on before the Court Royale on Saturday last, when the court reversed the sentence. Vidocq was immediately set at liberty and was warmly congratulated by his friends.

Government has made a grant of £160 to each officer of the Canadian provincial forces engaged in the war of 1812.

In the Clifton Zoological Gardens, a pointer bitch is now suckling a young leopard.

The authoress of the forthcoming comedy at the Haymarket is, according to the current rumour, Lady Emmeline Charlotte Elizabeth Wortley, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and who is married to Charles, the second, son of Lord Wharncliffe, president of the council.

The special train on Thursday evening week from Southampton to London, engaged for the conveyance of the Duke of Saxe Coburg and his illustrious relatives, performed the journey, seventy-seven miles, in one hour and thirty-nine minutes.

NAIL MAKING.—The wages of a woman in Dudley for manufacturing 1,200 round-headed hob-nails are 5d.; these are made with a hammer weighing 14lb; each nail receives 12 blows before it is completed, and consequently, the poor woman has to raise the enormous weight of 18,000lb. in order to earn that small sum. Birmingham Advertiser.

The gross revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall for the year ending December 31st, 1842, were £32,035, 13s. 4d.; salaries and expenses, £12,835, 13s. 4d.; leaving £20,100 for the Prince of Wales.

On Friday and Saturday week, a worthy bookseller and publisher in Pater-noster Row announced that, in his shop, "a glass of—water, and a tract, might be had for nothing!" Great numbers availed themselves of the *temperate* offer.

JEW'S ORANGES.—The very low rate at which itinerant vendors of oranges of the Jewish persuasion are accustomed to offer their fruit, has doubtless led many persons to question the honesty of the means by which the slipshod *mar-chands* obtain their stock. Such an impression is, however, erroneous and unjust; and is explained by the fact, that the Rabbis of the London synagogues are in the habit of affording both employment and maintenance to the poor of their persuasion by supplying them with oranges at an almost nominal price.

There is now in Paris a young Turk attached to the Ottoman embassy, who is sent to acquire information in all the most useful arts and sciences. He is constantly employed in visiting manufactories and workshops, and very frequently lends a hand in order to render himself more perfect. The processes of electro-chemical gilding, autogenic soldering of one metal upon another, refining of metals, and coining, have particularly attracted his attention. He is said to have engaged many Parisian artisans, and sent them to Constantinople, supplied with the most improved tools of their respective trades.

Paris Paper.

FRENCH FINANCE.—The national debt of France, which in 1517, under Charles IX. was only 17,000,000*fr.* was, in 1832, 5,417,495,017*fr.* At the present time it is almost 7,000,000,000*fr.* France has already been bankrupt six times, viz.:—Under Sully, who deducted the interest formerly paid on the capital; at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, under Desmaret, who paid neither capital nor interest; at the fall of the "*système* law," under Lefepelletier; under the Abbe Terrai, who did not pay the assignments; during the revolution after the creation of 45,000,000 of mortgages; lastly in 1799, by the reduction of two-thirds of the debt.

ARRIVAL OF ONE OF THE PRISONERS FROM CABUL.—Amongst the passengers landed from the ship Windsor, which arrived on the 15th July from Calcutta, with a detachment of the 49th Regiment, are Mrs. Eyre and son, the wife of Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery, and late Commissary of Ordnance at Cabul, whose able narrative of the events which occurred there, and the disasters which befel our ill-fated army, has made so much noise in the world. This is the first arrival in England of those ladies who displayed such heroic conduct under the unprecedented hardships, privations, and terrific scenes which they witnessed during a siege and captivity which lasted for eleven months.

THE PUSEYITES OF FRANCE.—The catholic school next deserves our attention, being adorned with names illustrious throughout all Europe: De Maistre, De Bonald, D'Eckstein, Ballanche, and Lamennais. This school is wide apart in method and tendency from that of Eclecticism. The latter is occupied almost exclusively with metaphysics; the former with politics, religion, and history. The result of Eclecticism is an universal optimism; it is perfectly contented with the present. The result of catholicism is as universal a pessimism: it announces its profound contempt for the present, and appeals passionately to the wisdom of the past; it warns men of their degeneracy; points to the dread abyss whither society is tending, and proclaims the antique theocracy as the only ark of refuge. Like our own Oxford school, this refuses to accept the fiat of humanity, which for the last three centuries has extended its condemnation of a doctrine incapable of satisfying its wants, and of a government radically at variance with the spirit of the age. This fiat, this increasing manifestation of a deeply-rooted repugnance to theocracy, has for the catholics and Puseyites neither an historical nor philosophical significance. They can only explain three centuries of opposition, as M. Comte well remarks, by the monstrous supposition that society suddenly became infected with a chronic disease which has endured all this time, and which can be cured only by a recurrence of the true spiritual condition of spiritual domination.

British and Foreign Review.

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA'S VISIT TO JUGGERNAUT IN 1842.

I have visited (his lordship says) the valley of death. I have seen the den of darkness. Juggernaut has been trodden by these feet, and seen with these eyes, after thirty or forty years hearing about it. The dreaded *Segoda* is situated in the vicinity of the village called Pooree, of which the narrow streets, and wretched abodes, are only emblems of the moral ruin and misery it diffuses. A town of 50,000 is held together by the direst superstition; no trade but sin; no art but delusion and lies; no bond of union but communion of idolatry. Nothing has yet been done to abolish these idolatries. The horrors are unutterable. One hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims attend yearly, of whom one-third perish by hunger, fatigue, or cholera, yearly. They come from all parts of India. The larger numbers are *women*, who concert their plans for

the journey, unknown to their husbands and families, and start off at a moment. The abomination may be judged of by this fact. It is a scene of plunder, cruelty, and lust. When the caravans arrive, a perpetual fight takes place among the Poor inhabitants, who shall receive the helpless wretches, who are plundered not only of what they possess or can procure, but of all they can borrow at immense interest. About five days finish the process: the stripped multitude then proceed on their return. The rich are uniformly left behind, to whiten with their bones the accursed plains. Those plains are barren sands thrown up from the beach by the south-east monsoon. The seasons of pestilence are chosen, as it were, to heighten the misery; for instance, June, when the extreme heat is suddenly succeeded by the rains, and the cholera rages among the undefended crowds. The sick still sometimes throw themselves under the wheels of the car; bands of music, and troops of dancers, or prostitutes of the vilest order, noise, intemperance, debauchery, with the most filthy and unutterable pollutions in figure, exhibition, and songs, make up the religion of Juggernaut. The Pagoda, or circuit of the enclosed temple, is a mass of heavy building, of which no one is allowed to penetrate the interior, because the cooking is perpetually going on in the inner circuits, and the passing of a Christian would defile the whole culinary establishment. If we had chosen to pay 2000 rupees for cleansing the sanctuary afterwards, we might have been admitted. Such is Juggernaut! Dr. Buchanan's description is more true. Cruelty, lust, oppression, disease, famine, death, follow in the train.

THE POEMS OF DUKE CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

BY AIME CHAMPOLLION-FIGEAC. Paris, Belin Leprieux.

This is a collection of the poems of one of the most elegant authors of France, at a time when the French language had lost nothing of its purity and originality, and before pedantry and affectation had entirely deprived it of the melodious simplicity which renders a tongue the proper vehicle for lyrical compositions.

Charles of Orleans may almost be considered as belonging to England, for the greater part of his early life was passed on our soil; and it was while in captivity that he composed those lays which have given him poetical immortality. He was one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Azincourt, and for twenty-five years he remained a captive, first in one strong castle, then another. His release was owing to the embarrassment of the State, after the death of his great conqueror, Henry the Fifth, whose dying advice was, that he should not be allowed to give ransom.

A hundred and twenty thousand golden crowns at length procured the illustrious poet's liberty; nor with his freedom ended his song: the caged bird had vented his own sorrows in melody, but when he had spread his wings, his voice was still heard, and generally in sadness. Alas!

Long years!—it tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle spirit of a child of song."

And he had, during that dreary period, told his grief to his prison walls, and made even captivity charming with his enchanting songs, till they caught a tone of melancholy not to be overcome. His biographer remarks—"The first years of the fifteenth century have left so many sad and cruel recollections to history, that it is not without pleasing emotion the historian finds the means of separating from the hideous and barbarous forms of such an epoch that of a prince of the royal blood of Valois, 'the happiest genius,' observes M. Villemain, 'which had appeared in France in his time, to whom we are indebted for the most original poems the fifteenth century produced, rich in correct and simple imagery, and remarkable for a premature elegance.

Charles was a prince distinguished by superior taste and wit, and his compositions are the most important productions which his age has given to France. His history was romantic and unfortunate, as his name was illustrious, both as being the greatest poet of his period, and the father of the *Father of his People*, Louis the Twelfth of excellent memory,

He was born in May, 1391, at the Hôtel St. Pol, in Paris, his mother being that fair and sad Valentine de Milan, who had to deplore the murder of her husband by the very prince who held her son at the font, and swore to protect him. His birth was hailed by his delighted father, Louis of Orleans, as a presage of glorious fortunes to come; and on that occasion he instituted the Order of the Porcupine so celebrated though short-lived. When the Queen Isabeau de Bavière, the "fair and fatal enemy" of France and her king, heard of the arrival of the royal stranger, she rewarded the *écuyer-panetier* who took the news to the palace with two hundred livres of gold.

Valentine brought up her cherished son at a distance from the dangerous court and from her enemies, and her elegant mind probably influenced his early years, and formed his infant taste. Although she had adopted the sad device of—

Rien ne m'est plus, plus ne m'est rien,

she had still a heart for children, till sorrow removed her too early from them. Previously, however, to her great loss, Charles had been married, while still a child of thirteen, to the youthful widow of Richard the Second of England, whose cause Louis of Orleans had espoused. Nothing could exceed the splendour of this marriage, although the young bride is said to have been so much discontented at the match, which gave her boy a for a bridegroom, the "she wept exceedingly." Duke Louis, who shone on the occasion one blaze of jewels and gold, had scarcely joined the hands of the ill-assorted pair, when his fate overtook him, and he fell beneath the assassin's knife, directed by his perfidious cousin, the Duke of Burgundy.

The first scenes of the life of the young Prince of Orleans were sad enough: forced to make peace with his father's murderer, deprived of both his natural protectors, surrounded by dangers and difficulties, his country torn to pieces by civil wars, anarchy and confusion reigning supreme, and no friend to guide or assist him, it required a strong mind to surmount such misfortunes.

He had lost the wife whom his father's policy had forced on him, and he soon after allied himself with the beautiful daughter of the powerful Count d'Armagnac; thus strengthening his cause and gaining a powerful friend. The fatal contentions of his country, however, continued, those with England still desolating it, and in the disastrous battle of Azincourt, after performing prodigies of valour, the young bridegroom was found under a heap of slain, and taken away for dead by the English who, when his rank was discovered, and signs of life appeared, hailed him with triumph as a glorious prize.

The Duke was brought to England by Sir Richard Waller, who was permitted by Henry the Fifth to retain him as his captive at his manor of Groombridge near Tunbridge Wells, where, a few years ago, might be seen the moated house which received the illustrious prisoner, and the panelled rooms occupied by him. We have lately heard, with concern, that that interesting relic of the fifteenth century has been removed, and a modern house now occupies its site. Still, however, over the church door of the parish of Groombridge remains a shield with the arms of Orleans, placed there in commemoration of the repairs made

at the prince's expense, in gratitude for the kindness he experienced during his detention in the neighbourhood. How long he stayed there, does not appear. Windsor heard his sighs and his lays for some time; and it seems he passed some of his weary years in the Tower of London, where the MS. before mentioned represents him receiving the news of his restoration to liberty.

His young wife, Bonne d'Armagnac, died soon after the day of Azincourt, probably of grief for his loss, and his sorrowful regrets are feelingly expressed in verse:—

On the Death of his Wife.

"Ballades, changons et complaintes
Sont par moi mises en oubliance."

Ballads, songs, and mournful lays,
Are forgot in my despair;
Sorrow fills my weary days,
And I sleep to dream of care.
If sad thoughts it could beguile,
I would sing, as oft of yore,
And revive those tones awhile,
Which have soothed my heart before;
But, alas! my voice, my lute,
Both with grief are hoarse and mute!
All the pleasant words I spoke,
Are extinct and passed away;
Lo! the spell of song is broke,
And no sweetness marks my lay.
Those who once have heard me sing,
Full of youth, and hope, and joy,
Pity now the falt'ring string,
Which but echoes my annoy;
Lost my voice and sad my lute,
Both in sorrow hoarse and mute.
Lovers utter painted words,
Fresh and fair their language glows,
Pleasure eloquence affords,
And each thought with spirit flows;
Thus I warbled once—but past
Is the time I sang so well,
All my skill is ebbing fast,
And no more my numbers swell;
When I tune my feeble lute,
Every note is harsh or mute.

After much sickening hope deferred, Charles, being at Calais, saw a brighter prospect of release, and is recorded to have there busied himself in purchasing numerous jewels, and wines of repute, which then appeared to be of the growth of Orleans and Blois, to offer as presents to the negotiators of his ransom. This was, at length, happily concluded, and the prisoner of five-and-twenty years once more trod "his own, his native land." His course from Gravelines to his Castle of Blois was one triumph: he was received with enthusiasm, and his betrothment to the niece of the Duke of Burgundy was immediately settled. The jealous tyrant, Louis the Eleventh, was, however, displeased with the demonstrations of affection shown him, and harshly made known his opinion; consequently, Charles refused to appear at his court, and occupied himself for some years in his own affairs, contending for his rights in the Milanese, wrested from him by the usurper Sforza.

His castle of Blois now became the resort of all the men of taste and learning of the age: painters, poets, and musicians there found a ready welcome; and the Duke himself began, at that late period, to enjoy the pleasures of literature and science. He made many excursions in various parts of his dominions, visiting all that was curious and interesting in art and nature, and neglecting nothing that deserved notice. Not a minstrel or poet passed the door of his castle; they were sure of being received with honour and rewarded with munificence. Amongst others, those beings favoured and disfavoured by Nature—namely, dwarfs and fools, were secure of a good reception, and their wit found a theatre in the court of the poet-prince. Maître Colas was his favourite male, and Dame Belou his chief female jester: a war of wit was constantly going on between them and Thommie, the female fool of the Duke of Bourbon, and Jehannet, his jester. The dwarf of the Bishop of Macon often figured also in these trials of skill.

France was at this period in a state of profound peace, and the Duke of Orleans found no interruption to his elegant leisure, but occasional journeys, and sometimes pilgrimages—for he was very devout—to Lyons, Tours, &c.

Innocent and harmless as was this life, Louis XI. discovered something in it that awakened his envy and suspicion; and his remarks were of the severest kind. Although the Duke had kept himself as much as possible out of the dangerous sphere of the Court, he was mortified to find that he could not escape censure and malignity; and it preyed deeply on his mind, shaken, no doubt, by continual disappointment and long captivity. A sad ballad of his, beginning

"Dieu vous garde d'injurier soupçons,"

expresses his feelings. His health began to fail, and his faculties to decay: he made one last effort for the good of his country, and at the meeting of the States at Tours, pronounced a discourse in favour of the Duke de Bretagne, which drew from the tyrant Louis a bitter and unfeeling reply. This so much shocked the sensitive prince, that he withdrew to his own castle, never to leave more. He expired at Amboise, the 4th of January, 1465, regretted by all but the unworthy monarch who had insulted him, and who was never known to entertain affection for a human creature, or to cherish a generous sentiment.

Fate seemed to have destined Charles of Orleans to sorrow from his cradle; and if there occurred a short interval of enjoyment for him,—

Still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away!

He was persecuted during his life, and insulted after his death. His works even felt the power of his destiny, and remained long in oblivion; they have of late, however, been brought forward and appreciated by his countrymen.

The collection of verses given by the present editor is copious and interesting: among them we find difficulty in selecting specimens, so various is the style of the poet. The following, on caution in speech, is like an extract from Sadi:—

"Quelque chose derrière.
Convient toujours garder."

Something should remain unseen,
All the will should not appear;
For light thoughts will intervene,
And light words to danger veer.

Sometimes, on the verge of speech,
Better not be overbold,
But little pausing caution teach,
What to say and what withhold.

Idle talk is ever free,
And with riches soon runs o'er;
Reason should the treasurer be,
And still something keep in store.

And these lines tells the poet's story:—

"Comme le subgiet de Fortune."

I the slave of Fortune ever
From my early youth became,
And in age we do not sever,
She to me is still the same.
I am one, beneath the moon,
Whom she orders at her will;
I, her subject, late and soon
Ceaselessly have served her still.

Her, as mistress, to obey,
Is the lesson of my life,
And I cannot turn away,
In good or ill, in peace or strife;
Nor my bondage can I break,
But the fruit she gives must take.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843.

THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE, AND THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

The Tories have not received so severe a mortification, nor has the Anti-Corn Law League obtained so great an advantage, in many a day, as in that wherein John Bright defeated Mr. Purvis at the recent Durham election. The city of Durham has hitherto been essentially and to the uttermost of Tory profession in politics. Not being a manufacturing place the traders are for the most part considerably dependent upon the clergy of that hitherto golden chapter for their business, and take the tone from them and the rich landholders in the neighbourhood. The college itself, as well as the Dean and Chapter are essentially Tory on account of the good things to be given away when vacancies occur; and thus, although the county has Whiggery enough in it, the city has always had enough of the antagonist quality to make up for it; consequently, the cause which is advocated by Cobden and Bright must have made immense strides before so thorough-going a *leaguer* as the latter could prevail at an election there.

But the jest of the matter is the huge pucker into which a certain portion of the English Press is thrown—aye and even on this side of the water also—respecting the alleged conduct of the Marquis of Londonderry in the case. Great indeed must be the Tory mortification when it leads men to commit themselves so egregiously; for, however lamentably ignorant some of the groaners on this side of the Atlantic may be, the Press at home cannot but be aware that a Peer is forbidden to interfere at an election, that it would be a misdemeanour, and if proved upon him would shake the seat of the candidate whose cause he presumed to espouse. As for the allegation that his lordship used "his efforts to return a free trade Radical Quaker," it is a gratuitous misrepresentation of the case, and the assessor ought to be ashamed of it.

In all sincerity we do not like the Marquis of Londonderry; we never did like him, either as a politician or as a mere individual; but as his quondam friends, who for so many years have used so much adulation in their remarks concerning him, now so unscrupulously fling up their heels at him, we shall endeavour to throw in a few words of a favourable nature respecting him, although we are indebted to his "summer friends" for much of what we advance in his behalf. At a foreign court, or in any diplomatic capacity, few noblemen have upheld the dignity of their country, of their "order," or of their immediate position, more gracefully or more fully than the present Marquis of Londonderry. In senatorial debate he is easily beaten through his great irascibility; we have ourselves witnessed his writhings and agitations when the remorseless Brougham was overwhelming him with sarcasm and caustic language; but he was never deficient in sound sense unless he were overheated and thrown off his centre. Now a diplomatist at a foreign court has not such a war of words to encounter; all is guarded, cool, polite, and according to etiquette; and consequently his lordship's talents there had fair play. In such a capacity it is well known that Lord Charles Stewart, for such was then his designation, greatly distinguished himself. His dispatches were considered models of elegance and perspicuity, and his proceedings were remarkable for their discretion. As a soldier too, his lordship was honourably prominent, and we believe that some portion of his irritability results from severe wounds which he received in action. Whence then is all this *tapage* about his *insinuated*—not expressed—unfitness for envoy to Russia, and whence the impudent and ungrateful assertion that such an appointment hastened the downfall of the Tories in 1835? It is well known that they were a doomed party, even before they kissed hands, and it was like a fatuity that men of sense like them should have ventured upon a course out of which they knew they should be cast in a few months. And now, after eight years, and when ministers have sustained a defeat in the vicinity of the Noble Lord's estate, this clamour is raised against the most faithful adherent of their

party. So much for their gratitude, but what shall we say of their prudence? If they have not the principle to respect the constitution of their country which forbids the interference of the peers and the presence of the military at an election, they should not, to say the least of it, trumpet their venality to the world.

But this is not all that can be said on the subject. We have supposed that Lord Londonderry "wouldn't if he could" interfere with *The Freedom of Election*, but we believe also that "he couldn't if he would" influence it in the degree that his *honest* decriers would have wished. The family of Wynnyard into which his lordship married, the real *Vanes* by blood, and the much-honoured for generations in the vicinity, might have been effective; and besides, being no higher in rank than the baronetcy, which is among the Commons, they could have the right to take active part in an election. But the noble lord is not a *Vane* by blood; he assumed it at his marriage, he is the first of his family who has dwelt at Wynnyard; and, to crown all, the people of Durham who almost worshipped the family of the late Sir Henry Vane Tempest, have not yet forgotten how his lordship became possessed of the hand of that baronet's orphan daughter. They know or believe that her heartless mother, the Countess of Antrim, and the present husband of the then young lady, sold, bought, and sacrificed her happiness, in forcing on a venal alliance. His Lordship may possess some influence through his aggregate wealth, but he holds little or nothing in the hearts of the Durham people.

As for the present coldness of the Tories towards the King of Hanover there is nothing surprising in that. We never believed that there was any other bond of union between them and his Majesty—as Duke of Cumberland—than that of agreement in politics, and the illustrious scion of royalty was pushed forward as the stalking horse of ultra-toryism. He can no longer be useful as a leader or a partizan, and is therefore slighted.

But what is the upshot of all this? Lord Londonderry very properly abstaining from interference at an election, the constituency returned *whom they pleased*. They pleased to elect John Bright, a warm anti-corn-law man; and now the opposite side, having given vent to their feelings of disappointment by abusing a noble lord for confining himself within the line of his duty, attempt to console themselves for the presence of Cobden and Bright in the House of Commons by remarking that demagogues always find their level there. With all our hearts, be it so. The clamorous Cobbet, the superficial Hunt, found it so; the Agitator O'Connell found it so; and therefore preferred to spout out of doors where they could have matters all their own way; but Cobden and Bright are orators of another stamp, and they will be listened to with as much respect in the house as out of it, unless by the party-lessening every day, that still holds fast by the Corn law doctrine now nearly at its final explosion.

With regard to the yelpings on this side the Atlantic, on the subject of the Marquis of Londonderry and his electioneering conduct, they seem to us to be like those of the slowest dogs in a pack of hounds, that give tongue in imitation of the leaders, but really know not whether it is a hare's seat or a mare's nest that has been found. His Lordship, doubtless, like all mankind has had mixed notions of action, but it will never do to impugn those which have a constitutional authority.

Henry Grattan, Esq., son of the great Henry Grattan, has published a letter which he wrote to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in which the gentleman tenders his resignation to his lordship, and states his *reasons* for doing so. There is no denying the elegance and spirited style of the language in which the letter is couched, but we demur from the logic and dissent from the consequences, generally, as drawn up by him, although there are portions of his argument which are not without considerable weight. For instance we admit the force of his assertion, that "The right to meet, to assemble, to discuss, to petition, to remonstrate," is "secured to the people" of the realm; and we are willing to admit that magistrates cannot know the scope and bearing of a public movement without either attending or procuring authentic information thereon; but we insist that in the exercise of his discretion on matters of that kind, there are always circumstances which, particularly in a protracted affair, should become cognisant to his mind both in their immediate and remote connexion, and that he has no right to shelter ambiguous conduct under the plea of insufficient knowledge of the purpose. Whilst the symptoms of repeal agitation were incipient, it might be well enough for magistrates to be wakefully attentive, but in the present state of things it really does appear to us that county magistrates should either stand by the government under whose authority they act, or surrender their commissions before they actually take a side.

We consider the intimation of Sir Edward Sugden to Mr. Grattan, "that he can, in his place in Parliament, give full expression to his sentiments, and that it is not necessary for him to attend meetings for that purpose," as impertinent in itself and arbitrary in its dictation, but the reply of the latter is flippant and savours of self-conceit. He tells the Irish Chancellor that "from 1827 to 1843 he acted upon that opinion and found it perfectly useless. It may be so, and yet be no reflection upon the House of Commons; a modest man would have suspected the wisdom of his own opinions, but Mr. Grattan, the younger, seems to have no suspicion of his fallibility, and probably imagined the mantle of his father to have fallen upon him. Had this been even so, he ought to have had some trifle of diffidence on the subject. It was natural enough for the leader of the opposition against the Union to be dissatisfied with his defeat, and to view with jealous eyes every movement of the United Parliament which affected Ireland in particular; but the late Mr. Grattan, though systematically opposed to the Government, was not systematically a discontented man; and when the younger Grattan proceeds, from what we have quoted above, to say, "The late Mr. Grattan, from 1805 to 1820, did the same," he not only makes an erroneous remark, but says that which he knows is calculated to make a false impression on the Irish people, so large a portion of whom hold the memory of that gentleman in veneration. But we assert and believe that it was for his general pa-

triotism and consistency, and not specially for being opposed to the Union, that Grattan's name is hallowed to his country; nor do we think that he would have agreed with his son in the opinion above expressed.

With regard to Irish Repeal, it is probable enough that the younger Grattan fancies that he is acting in a manner consistent with the principles of his family, and considers his obstinacy to be perseverance. But here again he is wrong. A great legislator is not one who would be continually doing and undoing; and the elder Grattan, though foiled in his desire to preserve the distinct legislatures of the two countries, was not the man desirous to upset a highly important measure without giving it a trial; moreover, he was not the man who would wish to set two portions of the same dominion by the ears, and unhinge the frame of a government.

Towards the close of his letter Mr. Grattan indulges himself in a gratuitous bravado respecting the influence of his family name, and asserts that it is good for a hundred thousand men. This is a remark worthy of a recruiting sergeant, and for recruiting purposes it was probably intended. Indeed, the whole letter has a very *ad captandum* complexion, and was probably intended, not so much as a reply to Sir Edward Sugden, as an address to the party among whom he has enrolled himself.

Much has been said about the manner of "extorting" the Act of Union, and its illegality has been all but insisted on. In our columns to-day we have given the proceedings of the last Irish parliament on that question. If those proceedings were in good faith, what can there be to complain of with respect to the Act itself; but if they were not, what shall we say of the venality of the then Irish legislators, and how necessary was it to rescue the management of the country out of such hands?

Connected with the subject of Repeal, we give to-day the admirable article from Blackwood's Magazine, to which we alluded last week. We know not how any one can well resist the convictions which the observations therein contained are calculated to produce.

The city has been kept in much agitation within the last few days, from the fear that the much dreaded Yellow Fever had found its way to the villages of Rondout and Kingston, situated on the right bank of the Hudson. It was said to have been carried there in a small vessel called the Vanda, which had been permitted to leave the Quarantine ground at Staten Island, although just arrived from the South. In consequence of this, the acting Mayor of New York, Alderman Purdy, proclaimed an interdict of communication with those villages until a proper enquiry and examination could be instituted. This has been done, and although it has not satisfied every fearful mind, we believe that there is no just cause for farther apprehension on this score. Cases of malignant fever had occurred at those villages before the Vanda came there; and the deaths on board the Vanda were from exactly similar diseases. The testimony of Dr. P. S. Townsend conflicts with that of Dr. Vaché, but the following passage in the report of the latter is with us conclusive.

"It may not be irrelevant to add, that the village of Rondout is located on low, made ground, immediately on the border of a creek, and about one mile from the Hudson River. It contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, and is amply furnished with all the requisites for the engendering and continuing of various forms of fever."

The first number of a new daily Paper called "The Republic" is before us. It professes to maintain independent principles and not to be the slave of party. It is exceedingly neat in its typography, possesses abundance of reading matter, and is published at two cents per number, by Crocker, Fell, & Co., No. 128 Fulton Street. The undertaking has our best wishes for its success.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The management of The Park Theatre is in downright and serious earnest in reform and improvement, and we may fairly anticipate a return to the glories of former years, with regard both to the appearance of the house and to the quality of the performances. Numerous workmen are busily engaged both within and without, and the note of preparation is loudly sounding in every ear. In the interior we perceive that the theatre has been repaired and newly painted from pit to ceiling, the latter of which is enriched with a new and chaste device. The colour of the walls within is no longer of that sickly hue which no chandeliers can light up into cheerfulness, but is of a lively salmon colour, the very best in artificial light to set off the female complexion, whether of blonde or of brunette. A very sufficient number of tastefully designed lamps will illuminate and decorate the theatre; new and artistic scenery, wings, flies, &c., are in preparation, the properties are to be in good keeping with these improvements, and it is expected that the general *coup d'œil* will be of a highly pleasing description. The exterior of the building will present a still greater contrast from its former self. Instead of the bald, unsightly gable-end, like a whitewashed overbuilt barn, which disgusted the taste and wearied the eye, an elegant *façade* will be presented. We have not yet seen the pillars but judging from the cornice and portions of the windows we presume that the Ionic order is to predominate, and we trust that shelter will be carried out, for ladies, from the doors of the theatre to the carriages in waiting.

Thus much for the building. With regard to the more important part of the establishment—the artists—we do not yet learn much. *Macready*, the most classic actor of modern times, will certainly be here about the middle of the present month and will commence without delay his splendid round of characters. *James Wallack*, the pet of the New York drama, and most deservedly so, is expected to be here in time to open the house; proposals have been made to *Templeton* and *Miss Rainsforth* to lead in opera, and there is no doubt that *Cerito* will be here in the spring. Doubtless there are other arrangements in progress, as we hear that it is intended to present a continued succession of tasteful entertainments. The Stock company is to be greatly strengthened,

several of the old favourites are to be restored,—among them Chippendale, Wheatley, and others, always esteemed—and valuable additions are made to their ranks. The orchestra is to be well supplied with both music and musicians. (We are induced to put music in italics, to mark a greatly-required addition.)

With all this, what more have we to wish for? One or two things perhaps; and as they can be given at no expense but that of pains and trouble we will take the liberty to ask for them. *Mr. Barry*, the stage manager, is a man of taste, judgment, and experience, indisputably; is he also a man of nerve and determination? If so, we would ask him to be rigidly particular in all that appertains to the minutiae of the performances; to cause precision to be observed in all stage matters, which ought to come "trippingly off," so that all may fit and dove-tail, giving a neat effect to the *tout ensemble*; to insist on careful study, and to punish excessive "gag;" to assist the actors in maintaining the respectability of their profession, and to compel—as far as he can—those who may be apt to forget it. If *Mr. Barry* can effect all this, he will be a substantial friend to The Drama, and deserve the thanks of all who patronise it. Two things more, however, are to be hoped for; first, that the bills may not present too great a load of entertainment, but allow each evening to leave a zest, and no palling or weariness; secondly, that useful reforms be effected with regard to the audience of the third tier. We know that the last is a hard task, rendered the harder by long custom; but we believe that a firm hand following up a frank announcement of such an intention would soon conquer the difficulty.

It is reported that the season will be commenced early in the ensuing week, and we trust that it will be the beginning of a good fortune which may again lift up the classic drama, and repay the manager for late mishaps.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Through all the hot weather this establishment has been in steady operation, and reaping very satisfactory harvests. The peculiar talent of *Mr. De Bar* has done much to effect this, and the histrionic strength generally has been sufficient for the rest. We may indeed add that abundant pains have been taken to ventilate the house, and this has been done so successfully that a constant, cool, and refreshing sensation has been felt during the hottest period of the season. *Mrs. W. Sefton* we must not forget, for she has indeed been highly efficient. Her performance of *Aladdin*, in the celebrated melodrama of that name, is as attractive as her acting in the higher range of the drama. We learn that she is about to take managerial charge of a theatre in New Orleans this winter.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—No one, who at all knows the active mind of *Mr. Mitchell*, for a moment imagines that the summer recess of his establishment has been a season of idleness to him. On the contrary, he has been fully engaged in making such preparations for the next coming campaign as should enable him to sustain the high character which he has won for the Olympic. Several of the most eminent favourites continue with him, and he has added not a little to the general strength of the company. We hear that *Mrs. Timm* retires, and that *Mrs. Booth*, late of the Bowery, will succeed to her business here. The house is becoming strong in vocal talent also, among whom will be reckoned *Miss Taylor*, *Mrs. Phillips*, *Messrs. Dennison*, *Andrews*, &c., and the little orchestra will be filled with instrumental talent of a high order. We have heard of three new pieces said to be now in rehearsal here, one of which, for the opening, is attributed to the pen of *Mr. H. P. Grattan*, and is said to be of a rich and racy humour. The house will be opened in the ensuing week.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The inimitable *Ravels* have played old pieces throughout this season until the week now nearly concluded, yet such have been the neatness, freshness, and raciness of their performances that visitors have never once complained. But had there really been cause, this admirable troupe have now made amends in the production of the new Pantomime called "The 55 Misfortunes of Fortunatus," of which the greatest fault, perhaps the only one, is the name: The *Fortunatus* of this piece being really the most unfortunate of mortals. We remember reading, in the days of our childhood, a delightful extravagant story of one Fortunatus who possessed a *Wishing Cap*, by means of which every desire was gratified, and a *purse* which it was impossible to empty. In the course of his adventures he lost them both, and, by processes peculiar to such stories he afterwards recovered them. Finally, in order to rid his mind of its perpetual anxieties for the safety of his treasures, he drew from the purse a moderate competency, and then destroyed effectually both that and the cap. Our readers will perceive the moral of the tale. The *Fortunatus* of the *Ravels* is evidently of a different family, and is in fact the *Foot* of the Pantomime. He is exquisitely performed by *Gabriel Ravel*, and the tricks, transformations, and scenery abound to excess. The spectators are kept in either successive roars of laughter or loud tokens of admiration, throughout; and we verily believe that the gravest person present, after seeing it to the end, would willingly sit out a repetition before retiring from the theatre. This piece will assuredly run to the end of the season, and be fresh next year.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The lease of this house has been taken by *Mr. Darnley*, who is said to be fully competent to the task of management. It is expected that the ensuing season here will be a brilliant one, and that a great dramatic strength will be added to the company.

Music and Musiscal Intelligence.

We notice the following with no small degree of satisfaction. It is a natural step in the cultivation of music as an accomplishment, and tends directly to introduce it into the domestic circles as an elegant and rational amusement. Within the last ten years Music has made gigantic strides here, and the public taste has rapidly improved; a succession of artists both vocal and instrumental have strengthened that taste, and from being hearers of others the refined portion of the community are becoming smitten with the desire of taking

part themselves, in so fascinating yet so innocent a recreation. The work before us, therefore, appears most appropriately; we expect to find it in general use during the winter now approaching, and henceforth so long as refinement shall mark the tastes of this country. It is called,

THE QUARTETTE, and it consists of Gleees by the most admired German composers; they are arranged in four parts, in separate books, with a book of accompaniments for the Pianoforte; they are portable and will allow of eight persons to read the music at once. They are furnished with English words adapted to the *motifs*, by F. W. Rosier, a gentleman well and favourably known in the musical world, and an enthusiast in this particular department of the art.

We can confidently recommend this work, of which the first book is now published, containing nine gleees of most approved quality. The same will be continued monthly, published by S. O. Dyer & Co. at a very low price.

Madame Castellan.—This celebrated vocalist is both astonishing and charming Canadian ears. Her concerts at Montreal are attended by crowds who testify the most unqualified admiration of her powers. This by no means surprises us, as we have already expressed our opinion of her in no measured terms.

Signor De Begnis and Mrs. Bailey have given concerts at Montreal, Toronto, and Kingston, where they have met with the most flattering success; they are expected to complete their Canadian Tour in about a fortnight.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN VOCAL SOCIETY.—We would remind our musical friends that the second series of Concerts given by this society will commence on Tuesday evening next, at the Shakspeare Hotel. They are under the conduct of Mr. C. M. King, eldest son of the celebrated M. P. King, and they consist of every species of vocal melody and harmony. The artists engaged in these concerts are numerous and of high reputation, and we have reason to believe that the Society itself will be extensively patronised.

Literary Notices.

McCulloch's Gazetteer. PART III.—This excellent work, which is destined to find a place in the library of every careful reader is in steady progress.

ALLISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. PART XIII.—As this fine publication draws near its conclusion, which will be in three parts more, the call for it becomes more and more urgent: partly from the excellence of the style and the evident research of the author, and partly because the events recorded become more near to the present time.

* * Both the above are published by Messrs. Harpers of this city.

THE LADIES COMPANION; for September, 1843. This Magazine is most elegantly got up, and, what is more, its contents are of an excellent style of light reading. It contains three engravings also, viz.: one taken from the "Flowers of Loveliness," and called "Jessamine;" another called "The Twins," a very chaste and well executed engraving; and the third a plate of Fashions.

GODEY'S LADIES BOOK; for September, 1843.—Mr. Godey is taking more lofty aspirations than hitherto. There are some very clever articles now-a-days in "The Ladies' Book," of a higher order than mere narrations; and we think Mr. Godey is doing good service to the public in thus judiciously blending the *utile dulci*. He also has three fine plates in this number.

MAGIC AND MESMERISM.—This is one of Mr. Winchester's most recent cheap publications. We have but just received it, and another named below, consequently we know not anything of its merits.

NINA. By *Frederika Bremer*.—The name of the author, and that of the translator, Mary Howitt, will commend this work to notice. It is the latest publication by Winchester, and is said to anticipate even the London publication by at least a month.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.—A re-print of this work has been commenced by E. L. Garvin, of No. 6 Ann street, New York, at the very low price of one dollar per annum; with allowance to those who purchase five copies.

"THOMAS HOOD" AND THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

A few days ago, the secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum bazaar committee addressed to this author—(whose good qualities as a man are as delightful to those who know him personally, as are his exquisite humour and playful wit as a poet, and a graceful prose writer, to that numerous class who know him only in his works)—a request that he would allow his name to be placed on the list of patrons of the approaching bazaar. To this request, the secretaries have received the following characteristic reply; the kindness of which,—a kindness that could both dictate and endite a letter in so cordial and hearty a spirit from a bed of sickness, is not less commendable and admirable, than the arch and sportive playfulness of humour, and fine under-current of feeling, which point and pervade its every sentence, must be delightful and gratifying to the reader, as an assurance that the author is still our own "Tom Hood."

"(From my bed), 17, Elm Tree Road,
St. John's Wood, 18th July, 1843.

"Gentlemen,—If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution.

"I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature,—that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck, so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison,—the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent, discourse of Shakspeare and Milton,—will hardly seek, or put up with, low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world.

"Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking,—nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach, for many months, resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But, luckily, the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and, whilst I passed

untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could yet enjoy my Peregrine Pickle, and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head à la tortue, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish, Head à la Brunnen, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

"Still more recently, it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician—to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the poor-law commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted; as well as all fluids, stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' were still mine. Denied beef, I had *Bulwer*, and *Conceper*.—forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*,—and in lieu of pork, the great *Bacon* or *Hogg*.

"Then, as to beverage, it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my *Butler*; and in the absence of liquor, all the choice spirits from Tom Browne to Tom Moore.

"Thus, though confined, physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain—the champagne of Molière and the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

"So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper—bombs that will not roll right—well-laid schemes that will "gang alee"—and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my *burthen* has been greatly lightened by a load of books. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known, that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to prey upon itself, unless drawn off by a new object—and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoo's; for who, in reading his thrilling "History of the Great Plague," would not be reconciled to a few little ones!

"Many, many, a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart,—Thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!

"Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature, and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for 'consolations in Travel,' not to the inn or the posting house but to his library and his books.—I am, gentlemen, yours very truly.

"THOS HOOD.

STATE OF NEW YORK,

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Aug. 15, 1843.

TO the Sheriff of the County and City of New York.—Sir,—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for first Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Morris Franklin, on the last day of December next.

Also the following County officers, to wit: thirteen Members of Assembly, a Sheriff, in the place of Mounouth B. Hart, whose term will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk, in the place of Nathaniel Jarvis, whose term of service will expire on the said day. And a Coroner, in the place of Cornelius Archer, whose term will expire on said day.

Yours respectfully, S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 19, 1843.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such cases made and provided.

MONMOUTH B. HART, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 5, title 3d, part 1st, 104. Sept. 2.

WEBSTER AND NORTON,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

New Orleans.

L. J. Webster,

A. L. Norton.

Reference—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y.

Aug. 26-43.

APARTMENTS AND BOARD.—Very superior accommodation with entire or partial board, in one of the finest situations in New York, may be obtained by addressing a note to X, Box No. 189, which will be immediately attended to. The house is not a boarding-house. May 13.

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the F. Phil. Sat. Courier, "Post," and "Museum," Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Lover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, No. 6 Ann Street, Aug. 19-43.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GENERAL EDUCATION. No. 422 Houston Street, (within a few doors of Broadway).—The undersigned will re-open his School, after the Summer vacation, on Monday, September 4th. Applications for admission into either department can be made personally or by letter during the present month at his residence.

TERMS.—For Boarders, \$400 per annum; (for boys under ten years of age, or for brothers, a reduction is made); this charge includes every expense except music. Terms for day scholars \$30 a quarter. Aug. 19-43. R. TOWNSEND HUDDART.

MADAME BINSSE'S DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL. No. 40 Beach Street, opposite St. John's Park.—Mrs. Binsse respectfully informs the Parents and Guardians of her Pupils that her School will recommence as usual on the 15th of September. She avails herself of the present opportunity to correct an erroneous impression which she understands has been circulated of her intending to retire; so far from this being the case, Mrs. B. has secured the valuable assistance of several new Professors of established reputation, and she is now ready to receive applications for either day or boarding scholars. As she takes but a limited number of the latter, those Parents who wish to place their children under her charge will please signify their intention as soon as possible.

Mrs. B. has also much pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that the Lectures of Mons. Gustave Chouquet on general literature and French Literature in particular can be attended separately by such young ladies as do not wish to pursue the other studies. This notice is applicable also to English Elocution and Reading, and to the Course of Lectures on Botany. Aug. 5-43.

Sandersons' Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,

Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.

PHILADELPHIA.

[July 15-3m]

Varieties.

IMPROMPTU :

TO MARY, AT PARTING.

Sad be our strain ;—a mournful theme is ours ;
To sing the requiem of departed hours ;
To say *farewell* ;—our hearts o'erwhelmed with sorrow
That we must leave this Paradise to-morrow !
Yet not so much to quit the spot we grieve,
As that from thee we part, its lovely Eve.
But though relentless fate our bodies sever,
Remembrance still will haunt the spot forever.

Schenectady, July 27, 1843.

GEN. JACKSON AND HIS TAILOR.—The Southern Chronicle tells the following good story :—

After the termination of the Seminole campaign, Gen. Jackson visited Washington City, and during his stay there having occasion to supply himself with a nether garment, employed a fashionable tailor named Ballard to make it. Ballard, who was a very pompous little fellow and very fond of being recognised by great men who had been his customers, a few days after he had finished the unmentionables, seeing the General in front of Tennyson's Hotel, in conversation with some gentlemen, stepped up and spoke to him. The General thinking him some distinguished individual, very cordially gave him his hand, but not remembering him, in a whisper inquired his name, for the purpose of introducing him to the company. To which Ballard replied, "I made your breeches." The General, deceived by the sound, immediately turned to the company and introduced him as *Major Breeches*—a title that poor Ballard was afterwards obliged to wear to the day of his death.

THE HEN AND KITTENS.—AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A few weeks ago I was at the residence of Mr. Barney, pastor of the Congregational Church in Seekonk, R. I. He invited me into a little shed, and there showed me a very extraordinary example of animal instinct. It was a hen bringing up a litter of FOUR KITTENS. In all respects so far as they could receive it, she gave them the same attentions as she would her own brood. She scratched vermin and other things for them ; called them to partake ; she clucked for them, and brooded over them night and day, as they had need. It is true, they could not enjoy the food thus offered for them, neither could they follow her in her wanderings as chickens would do.

The little things lived as do other kittens, by sucking their real mother puss. They obtained this privilege by the assistance of friends, or in the occasional absence of the hen. When the hen was present, puss could not come nigh her kittens, for though she was much stronger than the hen, yet she shrunk, as many larger animals do, from her noisy threats.

Occasionally, in the absence of the hen, puss would come and steal her kittens, and carry them by the neck to another place, to oversee them herself. But very soon the hen would find them, and take possession of them as before.

You are doubtless all enquiring how this happened. I asked the same question, and was told that puss had her nest near the hen while she was sitting upon her own eggs. When the cat first left her kittens alone, the hen hearing their infant voices, probably supposed them to be her own. She therefore left the nest, with her eggs unhatched, and took possession of the nest of kittens. Having first PITIED, she next LOVED them, and continued to watch for their welfare.

MISTAKES IN FEMALE EDUCATION.—Physical inaction produces the most deplorable results, particularly in town ; if girls have been taken out to walk, whenever the weather was fine, it is supposed that everything necessary has been done. But what beneficial effect can arise from a formal walk of this kind, during which they are obliged to hold themselves erect, to take care of their dress, to speak in an under tone, and even to impose a restraint on their countenances ? Their circulation is hardly so much accelerated as to diffuse a slight degree of warmth through their limbs ; a greater proportion of their muscles remains unexercised ; those especially which are connected with the spine acquire no strength ; the spine itself, weak and flexible, gives way beneath the weight of the head and arms, and a curvature is soon formed in its weakest part. Why is it that this is so seldom the case with boys ? Because when they come out of school, they are allowed to amuse themselves as they like, and their whole body is in continual action. The benefit which they derive from gymnastic exercises is generally acknowledged ; yet, how much more necessary would these seem for girls, who are not allowed, as boys are, to jump, leap, play at ball, or run races, in their walk. *Progressive Education.*

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.—I am, more than ever, impressed with the importance of providing suitable places of amusement for the working classes ; they might be made a most effectual means of breaking down the habits of intemperance and sensuality, and of opening the way to moral and intellectual improvement. It would be well, if a large building could be specially appropriated to this purpose. There might be in it a coffee-room and a news-room ; there might be music, vocal and instrumental ; exhibitions of various kinds, for instance, phantasmagoria, magic lantern, oxyhydrogen microscope, &c. ; and, if properly restricted and superintended, though, by no means, as they are conducted now, I think theatrical representations might be added with advantage. It should be a place to which men and women could resort after their day's or week's work, and always find "good and cheap entertainment." I am much mistaken, if under judicious regulation, an early effect of this kind would not be to thin the public houses on a Saturday night, and to increase the attendance on public worship on Sunday.

Sir Benjamin Heywood's Addresses to the Manchester Mechanic's Institution.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN NATIONS OF EUROPE.—To the philosophic mind, an interesting subject for speculation is presented by the striking contrast between the character of the revolution in England in the seventeenth century, and that of the French revolution at the close of the eighteenth : the one attended with little effusion of blood, beyond that spilt in fair fight ; the other stained with sanguinary proscriptions, wholesale butcheries, and unmitigated horrors of every kind. It is a curious observation, that, in none of the northern nations of Europe who are descended from Teutonic tribes, and derive their languages from one common source,—the Germans, the Swedes, the Norwegians, the Danes, the Dutch, and the inhabitants of Great Britain,—is there that innate spirit of reckless cruelty which possesses the people of the southern division of our continent—the Italians, the French, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, whose characters and languages spring from the Roman root ; a spirit which feels no compunction about means, so that they but lead to the proposed end, whether they be poison or the stiletto, dragonnades or the Inquisition, open violence or midnight massacre—a spirit so conspicuous in Caesar and Napoleon, in the Borgias and Innocent III. in Charles IX., and Philip II. in Louis XIV. and the Paris Septemberers, in Marat, Danton, and Robespierre.

History of Our Own Times ; Vol. I.

The eldest son of a French peasant was lately drawn as a recruit at Chahars, in the department of the Lot. His father marked his melancholy, and bade him be of good cheer, for he would find a way to relieve him from service. On their way home they had to cross a ferry. The old man throwing himself into the river, made the new recruit the eldest son of a widow, and entitled him to his discharge.

CRICKET.—Various games—including Chess, Whist, and Backgammon—are supposed to be strong test of equanimity ;—and, in reality, the loss of a match, rubber, or hit, has been frequently known to upset human patience, and the rules of good breeding. But of all games or sports, Cricket appears the most trying to the temper, for a Player cannot lose his Wicket without being put out.

NELSON'S PLAYFUL DECISION.—Lord Nelson's manner, apart from duty, was universally kind and even playful to all around him : an amusing instance of which, as well as of his extreme quickness, occurred during this cruise in the Mediterranean. One bright morning, when the ship was moving about four knots an hour through a very smooth sea, every thing on board being orderly and quiet, there was a sudden cry of "a man overboard !" A midshipman named Flinn, a good draughtsman, who had been sitting on deck comfortably sketching started at the cry, and looking over the side of the ship, saw his own servant, who was no swimmer, floundering in the sea. Before Flinn's jacket could be off, the captain of marines had thrown the man a chair through the port-hole in the ward-room, to keep him floating, and the next instant Flinn had flung himself overboard, and was swimming to the rescue. The admiral, having witnessed the whole affair from the quarter-deck, was highly delighted with the scene ; and when the party, chair and all, had been hauled upon deck, he called Mr. Flinn, praised his conduct, and made him lieutenant on the spot. A loud huzza from the midshipmen, whom the incident had collected on deck, and who were throwing up their hats in honour of Flinn's good fortune, arrested Lord Nelson's attention. There was something significant in the tone of their cheer which he immediately recognised ; and putting up his hand for silence, and leaning over to the crowd of middies, he said, with a good-natured smile on his face, "Stop, young gentlemen. Mr. Flinn has done a gallant thing to-day ;—and he has done many gallant things before—for which he has got his reward ; but mind, I'll have no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard."

Memoirs of Dr. Scott, Nelson's Chaplain.

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution ; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent ; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it ; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed. *Tillotson.*

A TURCUMAN OR KUZZAUZ DINNER.

The food was now brought in, upon a dozen wooden bowls or platters, and placed before us. It consisted of boiled mutton, soured in its own soup. Bread and vegetables are things quite unknown in these parts. Kuzzauks are exclusively carnivorous. The whole party fell on, like a pack of wolves : my own stomach, weakened by sight of the victim's face, was quite turned by the scene before me. Never did I see so much flesh devoured in so brief a space. Yet I have witnessed the feasts of tigers and wolves. The father and son would not partake until the guests had concluded, although I entreated them to do so. The women did not appear until chins had done wagging ; but two of seniors entered afterwards, to serve out curdled milk (mahes) in large bowls. The broth of the mutton also was brought in and distributed, being swigged as if it had been beer. The bowls were handed to the women, who scraped them clean with their thumbs, then plunged those members into their mouths, and again into the bowls, with a rapidity truly admirable. The thumb and tongue are the only napkins in Khaurism ; water is never thrown away upon bowl or person. The Tartars are right not to eat with their women. Imagine a pretty girl, with a sheep's head in both her lily hands, tearing off the scalp, picking out the eyes by the insertion of her fore-finger, cracking them between her teeth like goose-berries, thrusting the same pretty finger in after the brain, and sucking away at the apertures. All which I saw executed by one of the men in a most natural and edifying manner. *Abbott's Mission to Khiva.*

PROSPECT OF ANOTHER MORMON WAR.—The St. Louis New Era of the 16th inst. says :—"We learn by a gentleman from Warsaw, that a meeting of the people Hancock county to be held at Carthage was called for to-day, to take into consideration their relation with the Mormons. It is said that a good deal of excitement exists against them, and apprehensions of a serious riot and outbreak were entertained."

AMERICAN AND BRITISH MUSICAL SOCIETY, Shakespeare Hotel Assembly Rooms, corner of Duane and William Streets.—The Public is informed that the first Series of four grand Concerts lately concluded by the above Society, having been nightly honored by a densely numerous attendance of the most distinguished Musical families and amateurs in the city, and that the Subscribers, and admirers of the National School of Music which it is the object of this Society to revive and sustain having generally demonstrated their high approval, of the several performances, and of the plan upon which they are conducted, the Members of the A. and B. M. S. are induced to announce that these Concerts will be continued on every succeeding Monday evening (after next Tuesday evening, Sept. 5th), in the above elegant, and spacious Saloon, each four concerts, comprising a Series, during the course of which several distinguished Vocal and Instrumental artists, natives of both countries, in addition to those previously announced, have signified their intention to assist. The terms of subscription remaining as heretofore.

On Tuesday evening next, the first Grand Concert, by the Members of the above Society, being the first of the 2d Series, will be given, on which occasion the following eminent, and highly esteemed Vocal and Instrumental talent will appear. The performance commencing as usual at 8 o'clock.

Vocal Performers.—Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Hardwick, and Miss M. A. Hardwick (their first appearance at these Concerts) and a Young Lady ; Mr. Cliechugh, Mr. Brunton, Mr. J. A. Johnson, Mr. Strong, Mr. C. Beames, and Mr. Austin Phillips. The Band will be numerous and complete, and several new compositions by Members of the Society introduced.

Director.—Mr. C. M. King.
Leader of the Band.—Mr. Jamieson.
Conductor.—Mr. Austin Phillips.

(For a Synopsis of the Performance, see small Bills.)

Tickets, to Non-Subscribers, 50 cents each, to be had at the doors on the nights of performance, or at the Music Stores.

*. Due notice of the next appearance of Mrs. Morley will be given, that lady being absent at present from the city.

Sept. 2-It.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WRE, KS, No 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.

REFERENCE.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven.ble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arcnt S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Peugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans).
Aug. 19-It.